

THE MONTH

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Can there be Heresy and Schism in the Church ?

MR. GLADSTONE commences his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church," with the following account of the nature and authority of the Catholic Church according to the terms of its original charter, and of the consequent condition of those who refuse to submit themselves to its rule.

If Christ our Lord founded the Church as a visible and organized society, by a commission from Himself; if He did this in the most definite and pointed way by a charge, not to the mass of believers promiscuously, but to the Apostles, whom He had chosen, and whom in many significant ways He designated as His successors in carrying forward the great work of the Incarnation; and, again, if this charge, far from being limited to the brief term of their personal careers upon earth, was expressly extended by a promise of His superintending presence with them (which could only mean with them and their successors) until the end of the world; if, finally, this Church was to be the great standing witness in the world for Him and for the recovery of lost mankind; it follows that a most serious question arose hereupon, which may be described in such terms as these. It relates to the condition of any who, acknowledging His authority, yet should rebel against the jurisdiction then solemnly constituted, should sever themselves, in doctrine or in communion, from His servants, and should presume in this way to impair their witness and to frustrate thereby His work, so far as in them lay.

This question did not escape the forethought of our Saviour, and it was dealt with by Him in the simplest and most decisive manner. "If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." (St. Matt. xviii. 17.) With this stringent law the language of the Apostles coincides, and, most markedly perhaps among them all, the language of St. John, who was especially the Apostle of love. The work of heretics and schismatics was a work of the flesh, and, like other works of the flesh, it excluded from salvation. Thus, in the face of all hostile powers, and under the pressure of its hostility,

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the unity of the Church was maintained, and she patiently pursued her office through the gloom of this world to the glory of the next. (pp. 157, 158.)

Here is an account of the nature and purport of our Lord's words and actions in founding His Church, identical with that which we Catholics have all along maintained; nor could we desire to have our doctrine more clearly and forcibly stated.

But what follows? A Church corresponding in all respects to this description of the original Church of Christ is still found on earth; one which can show just such a succession of pastors going back without interruption to the original twelve; one which claims for its pastors just such an authority, doctrinal and disciplinary, over their flocks, and which appeals in justification of the claim to just such a superintending presence continuing according to the terms of the promise till the end of time; one which receives the obedience it demands from vast numbers of Christians, of the most various races and climates, so that Mr. Gladstone feels constrained to describe it as "a huge framework standing erect upon a wide field of battle, in the midst of other separated masses, each of them greatly smaller when reckoned one by one;"¹ one, finally, which does not hesitate to deem itself the great standing witness on earth for God, to regard all rivals in the same field as usurpers, and to treat those who adhere to them as outside the pale of salvation.

There is this one Church now existing which corresponds in its lineaments with the original Church as it sprang fresh from the hands of its Founder, and there is only this one; for, although there are many other organizations, they none of them venture to make the same claims or to act out the same principles. Authority is a word which stinks in their nostrils. Their laity would intensely resent any attempt to exercise it over them, and their clergy are only too anxious with assurances

¹ Mr. Gladstone adds, "but in the aggregate forming a total very large." The comparison, however, requires us to take them one by one, not in the aggregate, since it is a comparison between Christian bodies bound together by sufficient unity of belief to connect themselves also by unity of government. Mr. Gladstone's statistics, moreover, seem to minimize the number of the Catholics in the world and to maximize the number of non-Catholic Christians. Does he fall into the fallacy sometimes met with, of deducting largely from Catholic populations for the infusion of unbelievers among them, whilst making no corresponding deduction for Protestant populations? Still, as said in the text, a numerical comparison between the members of the Catholic Church and of the aggregate of separatist bodies is of secondary importance. The divinity of a Church is evinced by the vast number which it can hold together in one faith and one government.

that nothing of the kind is intended. For the authoritative judgment of the teachers they have substituted the private judgment of the hearer, towards whom the teacher exercises only the humbler function of ministering materials for the hearer to consider. Anglicans are, for all practical purposes, in exactly the same boat with Nonconformists in regard to this substitution of private judgment for the judgment of ecclesiastical authority. The cant phrase of the Nonconformist, that it is degrading to submit to authority when private judgment runs against its verdict, is heard as often on the lips of the High Churchmen, who, if they love to retain the word "authority," have (witness Mr. Gore and Dr. Stanton)¹ emptied it of its traditional meaning and furnished it with another of quite opposite bearing. Nor again, by due consequence, do these other religious organizations lay claim to the exclusiveness which Mr. Gladstone recognizes as a characteristic of the original Catholic Church. To be exclusive, they would say, is to be uncharitable; and they are intensely scandalized at finding such uncharitableness among Catholics. Here indeed the Anglican Church in some respects differs from the Nonconformists. High Church Anglicans, while confident that they themselves have a place within the fold of the one true Church, unlike Mr. Gladstone, are equally confident that the Nonconformists have none. It is on this account that they are so indignant with Bishop Perowne of Worcester and his Grindewald utterances. Still even they have felt constrained to allow a spiritual *locus standi* to the Nonconformists, recognizing apparently some efficacy in their sacraments flowing from the "uncovenanted mercies" of God: a sort of spiritual copyhold tenure, if it is not irreverent so to describe it.

Seeing what Mr. Gladstone recognizes to have been the nature of the original Church, and that he likewise recognizes an original Divine intention to maintain the Church thus founded till the end of time, and seeing, on the other hand, how exact is the correspondence of the modern Catholic Church (in communion with Rome) with this original Church, as likewise of the other modern religious bodies with those in early times denounced by our Lord as heathens and publicans, one might have expected the distinguished writer to pass on to an exhortation addressed to the men of his age, charging them

¹ See article entitled, "Anglicans on Church Authority," in *THE MONTH*, vol. lxxv. August, 1892.

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to forsake heresies so dangerous to the soul, and hasten into the one fold of salvation.

But it is not so. He would indeed, we suppose, earnestly recommend all heretics and schismatics to forsake their heresy and schism, and become "Catholic Churchmen," a condition which he deems sufficiently satisfied by firm adherence to the ancient Catholic Creeds, by which he means those of the Apostles and of Nicæa. But he would only recommend this as the most desirable course, by no means as the only safe course to take; and even this recommendation, if we understand him rightly, he would not care to press with much insistency, lest he should degenerate into the "spirit of proselytism," that "morbid appetite for effecting conversions, founded too often upon an overweening self-confidence and self-love."

But, however much or however little he might be disposed to press on the attention of heretics and schismatics the claims of what he believes to be sound Catholic doctrine, Mr. Gladstone's primary object is to vindicate for them a right to remain as they are. In the primitive ages of Christendom he allows that their position as heretics and schismatics would not have been tenable: that it would have placed them outside the pale of salvation, and that those within it would have been constrained, out of obedience to the command of the Master, to treat them as "heathens and publicans." But he urges that with the centuries that have rolled by since then, many changes have taken place, the effect of which has been to deliver the state of heresy and schism from the original severe prohibition, to invest it rather with a certain measure of Divine approval, to concede to those infected with it a recognized place within the borders of the Church, and to require of the more orthodox, of the "Catholic Churchmen," that they should treat them, no longer as heathens and publicans, but as Christian brethren.

Let us now see how Mr. Gladstone endeavours to establish a proposition which most people will consider paradoxical. Of one thing we may be certain, that the argument will reflect the writer's genius, and invest the proposition with an air of probability.

We may distinguish two points in his contention. In the first place, he urges that the marks, particularly the mark of unity of doctrine, by which the Divinity of Catholic doctrine

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was originally distinguished, is not so clear as it was, and "the guilt of any offence whatever varies inversely with the strength and clearness of the evidence which establishes its criminality."

And surely it is not to be denied that the evidence which condemns heresy and schism has been greatly darkened, and therefore greatly weakened, since the days of the Apostles.

The Church was then fresh from the hands of her Divine Founder. The principles of life within her were so powerful as to preclude any allowed manifestation of the spirit of heresy or of schism, or to render its suppression easy. She was governed by those who had personally known the Lord: whose authority was attested by the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit; by men, some of whose brethren had already sealed, and who might themselves at any moment be summoned personally to seal, their testimony with their blood. The unity of the Church was a fact as patent to those who came into contact with it, as the unity of the sun in heaven, and to deny the one was like denying the other.

But before three centuries had passed, the Church was at variance for considerable periods with itself, both in communion and in doctrine, and these periods were gradually elongated into something like a continuous chain. During the agonizing struggles of the fourth century with Arianism, the intensity of which it is difficult for modern Christendom to conceive, where was the light of the city on the hill? or what could be the responsibility of the individual Christian, for threading his way through the mazes of theological controversy to the truth? On minor cases it is needless to dwell; almost needless to point out that in cases such as that of Montanism, the party adjudged to be heretical might well seem, to the inexperienced eye, as the stoutest attestors of the antagonism between Church and world, which all knew to be a fundamental truth of the Gospel. The force of Athanasian faith proved eventually sufficient to bring the Arian heresy to its downfall, and the accompanying schisms to a close. But who does not feel that these facts of history remaining on its page cast some haze upon the clear light of the Apostolic doctrine of schism, and abate the sharpness of its edge? (pp. 159, 160.)

In this passage, agreeably with the title of his article, Mr. Gladstone speaks of heresy and schism *within* the Church—"the Church was at variance with herself." And in the subsequent paragraphs he claims that this internal disunion was increased and consolidated. In the eleventh century came the rupture between East and West, both East and West remaining, nevertheless, within the Church, the borders of which likewise include the several subdivisions of East and West among

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themselves. We do not wish to misrepresent Mr. Gladstone, but this is what he seems to say. He certainly says it of the East :

Meantime the East had all along its divisions also, and Churches tainted with heresy (under the decrees, for example, against Nestorius), still subsisted, and have continued to subsist down to the present day ; moreover, they appear to enjoy equally with the Orthodox Church the prerogative of perpetuity. (p. 161.)

And he would seem to say the same of the West, for after referring to what is sometimes called the Greek schism in the Papacy, which he naturally emphasizes as another instance of internal disunion in the Church, he puts the following dilemma :

Which party (during this schism) had been in true corporate union with the Chair of St. Peter? Any answer to this question which may be attempted, appears to involve consequences beset with the most formidable difficulties. If either party be excluded, then the light of half Western Christendom had been extinct for half a century. If on the other hand it be attempted to include them all by the doctrine of an upright intention, that doctrine, when once admitted with respect to Church communion, may be found to render all sharp application of the argument against schismatics (nor is the case of heretics in my opinion materially different), in truth against all non-Roman Christians, nearly impracticable. (pp. 160, 161.)

As Mr. Gladstone would evidently choose that horn of the dilemma which includes within the fold of the Church all who are in good faith, he would appear to include within it the sects which have arisen out of the religious revolutions of the sixteenth century, sects which he describes as having vindicated their right to recognition by the tenacity of their endurance.

In its present state, then, if we understand Mr. Gladstone rightly, he considers the Catholic Church to be an aggregate of distinct religious communities of which one, or perhaps two or three, are orthodox, and the rest are heterodox. And the effect of this intrusion of heresy and schism into the fold has been largely to destroy the evidences which would otherwise mark out the orthodox bodies. Thus it comes to pass that the criminality of the heretics and schismatics is in these days much lighter than it was, and may be *nil*. They have no longer the necessary evidence to guide them into sound paths.

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Mr. Gladstone indicates another consideration as tending to justify the heretic and schismatic in his disregard for the claims of orthodoxy :

At periods not wholly beyond my memory, and in appreciably large portions of the country, it has appeared as if the hands principally charged with the training of souls for God, were the hands mainly or only of Nonconformists. If in the abstract it be difficult to find justification for English Nonconformity, yet when we view it as a fact, it must surely command our respect and sympathy. If so we cannot dare to curse what God seems in many ways to have blessed and honoured, in electing it to perform duties neglected by others, and in emboldening it to take a forward part, not limited to our narrow shores, on behalf of the broadest interests of Christianity. Here, indeed, I may speak as one who in some degree at least knows that whereof he is talking. I have seen and known and but too easily could quote the cases, in which the Christian side of political controversies has been largely made over by the members of the English Church to the championship of Nonconformists. I take it for example to be beyond all question that, had the matter depended wholly on the sentiment and action of the National Church, the Act for the extinction of negro slavery would not have been passed so soon as in the year 1833. (p. 162.)

That is to say, not only is heresy and schism justified negatively by the discontinuance of the evidence which in happier days radiated from the orthodox body, but also positively by the evidence of Divine sanction which it can find in the piety of its own adherents. Let us now examine this two-fold contention.

And first as to the negative side. All here rests on the assumption that heresy and schism can exist *within* the Church, and what evidence has Mr. Gladstone offered us for so extending the border of the Church as to include it? He has acknowledged most satisfactorily that this was not our Lord's original intention, nor even a result which He contemplated as destined to ensue, and yet we are asked to believe that it ensued before three centuries were past. Surely if this were really so, we are forced to regard our Lord's arrangements and predictions (with reverence be it said) as chiefly remarkable for their short-sightedness. Nor is this all. Not only did our Lord not contemplate the introduction of heresy and schism as a permanent feature in the composition of His Church, but He so constructed the Church that, until some alteration should be made in its

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essential features, such an eventuality was impossible. This also Mr. Gladstone has virtually acknowledged; for he acknowledges that in founding His Church our Lord qualified its pastors to exact faith and obedience by the promise of a *perpetual* superintending presence, and then charged them to expel from the fold all who would not submit to their teaching and rule—that is, all heretics and schismatics. The superintending presence was for the express purpose of preserving the Church free from heresy and schism, and if these entered into it after all, this can only have been because the superintending presence was withdrawn; in other words, because our Lord failed to keep His promise.

Nor are there grounds in the history of Christendom for inferring any such corrupt change in the composition of the Catholic Church when once we realize that this Church consists exclusively of the Churches in communion with the See of Peter. Mr. Gladstone's difficulties arise solely from his endeavour to find a place within the Church for Anglicanism. If the Anglican Church is admitted, of course the principle of internal divisions must be admitted along with it, and it is the supposed existence of internal divisions which creates the difficulty, and requires us to infer an abandonment by our Lord of His original intentions. But if the Churches in communion with Rome are alone included, all is easily intelligible, for they form a Church vast enough to answer to the conception of a Catholic Church, and, as has been pointed out, they and they only are held together by the working of that principle of authority which our Lord established. Mr. Gladstone will say of course, "Even if you do exclude all religious bodies save this one, you do not succeed in excluding internal disunion. You cannot deny that Montanism, Arianism, &c., existed each for a long period in the primitive Church, and later on there was the Great Schism in the Papacy." But these cases do not cause a real difficulty. Heresy can arise within the Catholic Church in the sense that it may arise among those who are members of the Church. In that case it will need to be recognized as heresy before it can be dealt with, and before the recognition can be arrived at some discussion will be required to ascertain the true meaning and purport of the novel language. There will also be the further necessity of ascertaining who hold it, whether those who adhere to the doctrine now recognized as heretical have sincerely disavowed it or not. All this will take time, a shorter time to

detect the heresy, a longer time possibly to detect the heretic, but at length the discovery will have been made and the poison expelled from the system. Thus Cardinal Newman writes of Arianism :

From the date of the Council (of Constantinople) Arianism was formed into a sect exterior to the Catholic Church ; and taking refuge among the barbarian invaders of the Empire, is merged among those external enemies of Christianity, whose history cannot be regarded as strictly ecclesiastical. Such is the general course of religious error, which arises within the sacred precincts, but in vain endeavours to take root in a soil uncongenial to it. The domination of heresy, however privileged, is but one stage of its existence ; it ever hastens to an end, and that end is the triumph of the Truth. "I myself have seen the ungodly in great power," says the Psalmist, "and flourishing like a green bay-tree ; I went by, and lo, he was gone ; I sought him, but his place could nowhere be found."¹

Mr. Gladstone seems to have had this passage in view where he claims that Protestantism having now endured for nearly three centuries "does not seem altogether like the case of the wicked man, flourishing for a moment like the green bay-tree." But if he was alluding to Cardinal Newman's reflection, he has misunderstood it. Cardinal Newman was referring, as the words quoted show, to the transitory existences of heresy within the Church, not without it, and if the Church Catholic is taken as we take it, it has never remained within it very long. Or if Mr. Gladstone is claiming that culpable heresy and schism wherever they are must be transitory, permanence being a mark of truth, the rejoinder is that truth only can last and live. Eastern heresies and schisms have lasted but not lived. They are fossils with little or no intellectual life. Western heresies are attended doubtless by an abundance of intellectual activity, but no fixity of belief. Each new generation carries on the process of dissolution a stage further. In the Catholic Church, on the other hand, there is both intellectual vigour and tenacity of belief.

Even the so-called Schism in the Papacy is not a true case of disunion within the Church, because, so far as the body of the faithful were concerned, there was no true schism at all, and therefore no illustration of the possibility of internal schism. Mr. Gladstone infers that if we allow the adherents of the Anti-Popes, those of them who were in good faith, to have been

¹ *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, p. 405.

members of the Church, we must in consistency allow all Protestants who are in good faith to be likewise its members. But this inference is simply amazing. Is there no difference between downright revolt against the fundamental principles of the Catholic Church, and a temporary difficulty in ascertaining the person whom fidelity to these fundamental principles requires me to obey? There was everywhere perfectly unity of adhesion to the Chair of Peter, and only a temporary and not unreasonable perplexity as to the man in whose person the rights of the Chair were vested. There was but one voice issuing from the lips of all, unless perhaps of a few guilty authors of the misunderstanding. Only explain to us, was the general voice, which is the constitutionally elected Pope, and to him our obedience goes out. There were persevering efforts, too, made throughout this sad period to terminate its perplexities, and after all it lasted less than forty years. We have argued that from the nature of things the expulsion of heresy takes some time. The expulsion of Arianism took about fifty years. Is it then so inexplicable that the expulsion of a spurious line of Popes should take thirty-eight years?¹

We pass on to the other point in Mr. Gladstone's argument. He contends, as we have seen, that the condition of modern heretics and schismatics must be acceptable to God, because God so signally blesses their lives, and employs them as His instruments in many good and spiritual works. This is a point which we approach with the greater willingness because it causes difficulty to many others besides Mr. Gladstone, and obscures their perception of the exclusive claims of the Catholic Church. Now we must bear in mind the doctrine of this Church on the distribution of grace. *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus* is a maxim which is not, and never was, taken to mean that there is no possibility of salvation for any one whatever who is not within the body of the One Church. What it means, and always has meant, and what the phrase itself suitably expresses, is just what the words of our Lord declare, "He that believeth (you), and is baptized, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned."

¹ There were never two co-existent Popes, and no one at the time ever thought there were. Each side would have acknowledged that but one of the claimants was a true Pope, and the only controversy was as to which of the two, or three, he was. For a full discussion of the difficulties raised by this so-called Schism in the Papacy, see Historical Papers, No. 13, *The Great Schism of the West* (Catholic Truth Society).

God founded the Catholic Church with the intention that all should join it, and there is a consequent Divine commandment, under pain of sin, that all should join it. The commandment exists, and it follows that no properly informed person can remain outside the Church without endangering his soul. At the same time, since no commandment binds until its existence is certified to the subject, those persons in invincible (that is, inculpable) ignorance of the commandment, are not committing sin by disregarding its injunctions; and as they are not guilty of sin, they do not place themselves out of reach of salvation. They are great losers indeed, being deprived of the many and potent aids to salvation which only the Catholic Church can offer to them; of her sacraments, of her Sacrifice, of her salutary teaching and government. Still, although they have far fewer aids and graces than are given to Catholics, they are not altogether deprived of aids and graces. They may hold many false doctrines which can only do them harm, but along with these they retain some true doctrines as well; and they receive those graces which, like missionaries, are granted to souls outside the Church, with the object of drawing them into it.

This is the full Catholic doctrine as to the state of persons outside the Church, and we can now judge whether it explains sufficiently the goodness and piety often found in such outsiders. If it does not, by all means let us consider the admissibility of Mr. Gladstone's theory of a Divine sanction and acceptance of the state itself of heresy and schism; but if it does explain it sufficiently, there is no need to recur to a theory which supposes our Lord to have departed so widely from His original uncompromising attitude towards heresy and schism.

And surely, whatever goodness and piety is found in non-Catholics, can be explained without difficulty on the principles of Catholic doctrine just laid down. Let us take as an instance for examination, the remarkable awakening among Anglicans from the state of spiritual lethargy so general in the last century. It is not, perhaps, the case Mr. Gladstone would select, as these Anglicans would fall within the terms of his definition of Catholic Churchmen. But it is a case which according to our Catholic view of things is relevant, and it is the more useful because it is one which Anglicans constantly appeal to as proof that we do wrong in accounting them to be

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outside the Church. This awakening is recognized as due first to the Evangelical, and then to the Tractarian movement.

We must assume the persons whose piety we are considering to be in good faith; for if they are not, neither we nor Mr. Gladstone can regard their apparent piety as other than hollow. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's distinction between the heresiarch and the heretic by birth is very sound. When we bear in mind the mental confusion on religious subjects to which Englishmen are bred, the paralysis of the logical faculty among them which has resulted from three centuries of heresy, and their marvellous power of misunderstanding the language of a religion with which they are unfamiliar, it is by no means difficult to perceive how they can live in constant intercourse with Catholics, and still be in invincible ignorance of the convincing force of the Catholic claims. The persons, then, whose piety we are tracing to its true source are persons in good faith, and as such susceptible to any influence of grace which may reach them. And these influences are absolutely, though not comparatively, many and potent. The two revivals mentioned, the Evangelical and the Tractarian, sprang mainly from a deeper and wider realization of certain Catholic truths. We may confine our attention to one truth of fundamental importance, the truth of our Divine Lord's love for man. This truth was accepted by the previous generation, but in too cold, formal, and speculative a manner. Evangelicalism and Tractarianism grasped it with a far greater vividness, which at once transformed it into a living force acting on heart and mind. Interior grace, in strict accordance with Catholic doctrine, accompanied the exterior, and the two energizing together on well-disposed hearts, naturally led to good lives and good deeds. On the other hand, heretical doctrines and schismatic attachments never sanctified any one. Granted that much piety is to be found in the Anglican body, none of it is due to the denial of Purgatory, or of the merit of good works, or to the refusal to seek the intercession of the saints, or to the revolt against Papal authority; whereas the Catholic doctrines and practices to which these denials oppose themselves are, as Catholic experience knows well, fruitful sources of piety, and even of the highest sanctity. To sum up, then, the existence of much piety among non-Catholic Christians, which is an undeniable fact, is perfectly consistent with the exclusive rights of the Catholic Church; for the

means of grace which cause these fruits of piety to spring up are transmitted, not through the heresies and schism to which the persons belong, but in spite of these, and through the one Catholic Church towards which they are intended to draw the recipients, and to which they would succeed in drawing them, were it not for the countervailing drag of the heresy and schism.

Of course, if this Catholic doctrine concerning the distribution of grace is true, it should follow, not only that some fruits of piety will be found among the inculpable adherents of sects outside the Church, but also that richer and more abundant fruits will be found within the Church. We do not hesitate to claim that this anticipation is justified by the facts. That it is so will doubtless be hotly disputed by many, to whom it will read like arrogance that we should make it. But it is not accounted arrogance for an Anglican or a Nonconformist to point to the edifying piety of a co-religionist wherever he perceives it, and it cannot be arrogance in a Catholic, when the vindication of God's truth demands it, to direct attention to a conspicuous fact within the communion to which he adheres just because it is there. In all humility, then, and in all charitableness, as likewise with all due recognition of whatever good is to be found outside the Church, we venture to direct attention to such facts as the following. Although elsewhere frequent and consoling instances of edifying and fervent lives may be met with, where, outside the Catholic Church, can be found such prodigies of holiness as she can show in her canonized saints? Although a self-sacrificing zeal and charity, not always sufficiently appreciated, is often found among non-Catholic clergymen, Anglican and Nonconformist, and although the effort among them to revive the religious life, in spite of some very natural misconceptions and eccentricities, is worthy of much praise, we may still confidently ask, where, outside the Church, can be found the heroism and devotedness so common in the Catholic priesthood and Catholic Religious Orders of men and of women? Where, again, outside the Church, can be found so much success in infusing the spirit of piety, and of delight in pious exercises, into the hearts of the young? Where, outside the Church, can be found such general, solid, and unaffected piety among the people as in those districts in which, as for instance in the Austrian Tyrol, the Church holds unimpeded sway? And, although it is misleading to take as

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characteristic of the Church's influence the evil lives of those who have persistently neglected her laws and her sacraments yet what illustrations of the power of grace to reclaim the sinner are found among the penitents of a Good Shepherd Convent! Even in the gaol, where every form of religious belief sends the most degraded of its adherents, the superiority of the Catholic religion over others asserts itself, and is not unfrequently recognized by the Protestant officials. Other illustrations could easily be added to these few, and one may be very suitably mentioned. It is a favourite idea among Anglicans that converts from them to us deteriorate. What has given rise to this impression it is difficult to say. But it is a matter of daily occurrence for persons who have been deterred from entering the Church out of fear lest this impression should be well-founded, having entered it at last, to find with astonishment to what an extent it was an impression opposite to the truth.

S. F. S.

A Modern Hospitaller.

PAUL PETER RAPHAEL DE MAGALLON was born at Aix, in Provence, on the 1st of December, 1784. The name he bore had been rendered illustrious by many generations of noble ancestors, on account of important services shown to their country both in the legal and military professions, and of unflinching attachment to the faith of their fathers. Embrun was the birthplace of the family, and there, until quite recently, over one of the principal gates of the town, might be seen their coat of arms, a fortress emblazoned on an azure field, with the pious motto, *Sursum corda*, as its device. Paul's father was proprietor of a large estate near Marseilles; he was a member of the Royal Council, and held the highest post in the Provincial Court of Judicature. Fortune smiled upon him, a brilliant career lay open before him, when at the age of thirty-three years he was suddenly snatched away by the ruthless hand of death. Whilst on a journey he was attacked by a fatal malady, to which he succumbed. His death was, however, not unprepared for, nor unforeseen by himself. About a fortnight before, a secret presentiment of his approaching end induced him to make his will. All his testamentary arrangements evinced thoughtful care and Christian faith. He received the last rites of the Church with humility and resignation, expressing the wish that his obsequies should be conducted with the utmost simplicity, and a hundred Masses said for his soul.

Madame de Magallon possessed the courage of the noble line of which she sprung. She was daughter to the Marquis d'Angers, and related to several families of rank and distinction. Left a widow with five young children, of whom the eldest, Louise, was but nine years old, and Paul, the subject of this sketch, but a few months, she braced herself to meet and grapple with the difficulties of her position. She was a woman of firm character, deep feeling, and solid piety. Invoking on her behalf the protection of the God of the widow and father-

less, she took a vow of perpetual widowhood, determined to remain faithful to the memory of the husband she had lost, and for whom she mourned with a grief so abiding and so intense that, several years later, her confessor, judging her sorrow to be excessive, obliged her to part with a locket containing a lock of his hair. This sacrifice, painful at the time, which she made for the sake of her children, was rewarded by a warm and filial devotion on their part.

Although Madame de Magallon fulfilled her maternal duties towards all her children with rigorous impartiality, little Paul, her Benjamin, was naturally the object of her tenderest solicitude, and to him her heart clung most fondly. After her death, among her papers was found one in which she bequeathed to him a special benediction, because, as she said, he had never in character or conduct shown himself unworthy of her affection, or on any occasion given her serious cause for uneasiness. Happy the son to whom his mother can bear such a testimony! "He that honoureth his mother," the Wise Man declares, "is as one that layeth up a treasure."¹ So it was with Paul; he too laid up a treasure, not the riches of this world, but a celestial and eternal treasure.

The income upon which Madame de Magallon depended for the support of her household was not large. It consisted mainly of the dowry, no inconsiderable one, that she brought to her husband on her marriage. By curtailing to the utmost her personal expenditure, and scrupulously avoiding every unnecessary outlay, she contrived to make the means at her disposal suffice for the maintenance and education of her children in a manner befitting their station. The two eldest boys were placed under the charge of a tutor, an old friend of the family; the training of her little girls she undertook herself. As for Paul, as soon as he could walk, he became her constant companion; she took him with her to church and taught him to love God and our Blessed Lady. The child early evinced delight in religious ceremonies; when five years old, to his great joy, he was allowed to take part, dressed to represent an angel, in the Corpus Christi processions. But the firing of the guns, customary in Catholic countries on that occasion, terrified the poor little fellow so much, that he never forgot it all his life.

Of his boyhood we know nothing, except in as far as it was affected by the events that convulsed France at that time.

¹ Eccles. iii. 5.

When the revolutionary storm burst in all its fury, Marseilles was the scene of an outbreak of terrible violence, and Madame de Magallon trembled lest her retreat at Aix, which was not far distant, might be invaded by the mob, and her children, whose name in itself was enough to mark them as objects of odium, fall victims to the blind rage of the democrats. In order to place the older boys at least beyond the reach of peril, she sent them with their tutor to the Prussian Court, where she was well known. Her father, the Marquis d'Angers, had in his youth spent many years there, and stood high in the favour of Frederic the Great, on account of the Voltairean principles he then professed. The nephew and successor of the great monarch, Frederic William II., received the refugees kindly, and provided for their military education.

Thither, after an interval of seven years, their mother joined them. God only knows all this courageous woman endured during that interval, for France a period of bloodshed and anarchy, for herself of agonizing anxiety and apprehension. No tidings reached her of her exiled sons; she was in constant alarm on behalf of the helpless children under her care, menaced as they were by ever-increasing dangers; she had to suffer many privations, on account of the loss of friends and the spoliation of her property. At length no resource remained but flight. Secretly, and in disguise, the little party of four left Aix and, guided by Providence, wended their way to Berlin. Madame de Magallon was made welcome at Court, and received at once into the highest circle of society.

Paul was at that time fourteen years of age. His education was very incomplete, for owing to the disturbed state of the country, there had been no thought of finding a suitable school for him. Thus his mother had been his sole instructor. Desirous that his studies should be carried on at the Prussian capital, she solicited a military cadetship for him, but her application was rejected, on the ground that foreigners were not admitted to the corps of cadets. Paul therefore remained at Court, in the quality of page to the Princess Ferdinand, sister-in-law to the King. The sudden transfer from a quiet country home to the gay life of a pleasure-loving Court, where he was surrounded with dangers both to his faith and morals, might have turned the head of many a lad of his age, the more so as his attractive person, his distinguished bearing, and the extreme courtesy of his manners rendered him a general favourite. But not even

his mother's vigilant eye could detect anything in his conduct unworthy of the principles she had instilled into him. On the contrary, as he himself often told his brothers, when present at balls and festivities at the palace, where he was a coveted partner in the dance, he used to make a point of seeking out those who appeared to be neglected, and paying special attention to persons whom age or infirmity compelled to hold aloof from the throng, and remain in the background. In so doing he was not actuated by natural kindness alone, but by motives of supernatural charity, and the wish to benefit his own soul. At the close of entertainments of this kind he used to subject his conscience to a rigorous examination, and if he had any fault wherewith to reproach himself, he inflicted on himself severe chastisement. The King was so charmed with the young page, that he quickly revoked his former decision, and admitted him among his cadets, a select corps formed of the *élite* of Prussian youth. Paul remained at the academy until he was seventeen, when he was promoted to the rank of ensign in Prince Ferdinand's regiment.

Thus Madame de Magallon saw her youngest son, of whom she was justly proud, started as well as his brothers, in an honourable career. She had resolved, at whatever cost to herself, to spare her children from feeling the pinch of poverty—*ultimum et maximum telum, necessitas*—and to accomplish this had often proved a hard struggle. Once she was reduced to such straits as to be compelled to pledge a valuable watch, the only one she possessed, and a family heirloom. Paul was grieved to the heart when he discovered the sacrifice his mother had made. Without saying a word, he set himself to give some French lessons, and with the money thus earned, he hastened to redeem the watch, which he placed by his mother's bedside before she woke in the morning. When her eyes fell on it, she needed no one to tell her whose hand had laid it there.

On the re-establishment of order by Bonaparte, the French refugees were fain to hasten back to their native land, to claim the property of which the iniquitous decrees of 1795 had despoiled them. Madame de Magallon also returned to save the remnants of her fortune. Her sons remained in Prussia; the parting from her dearly-loved Paul cost her a bitter pang. A portrait she painted of him in uniform at that time represents him as somewhat below the average height, with regular, well-cut features, a frank, open countenance, and soft intelligent-

looking eyes. His mother had the greatest confidence in him, but she was not ignorant of the temptations that would assuredly assail him. She was aware too that he did not like the military profession, and had only embraced it in compliance with her wish, and because no other career was open to him. One thing she did not know : that from his childhood the Holy Spirit had spoken to his heart, urging him to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God and the apostolate of souls.

Paul did not allow his natural distaste for the calling of a soldier to prevent him from endeavouring to excel in it. His ease and dexterity in horsemanship, the valuable qualities he displayed as an officer, gave promise that he would distinguish himself in the field. "My darling Paul seems to grow wiser and more virtuous every day," his fond mother wrote to a friend. "The accounts I receive from Berlin are most flattering. He is a thoroughly good boy. I have only one fault to find with him, he is too lavish in giving to the poor. He cannot resist the sight of a beggar—they abound in the streets of Berlin—and he scatters *louis d'or* as if they were *francs*." On this point the young officer was incorrigible. His liberality to the poor, and his sympathy in their woes, was an earnest of the heroic sacrifices he was later on, as a Brother of Charity, to make on behalf of the suffering and afflicted.

The peace concluded at Tilsit in 1807, by establishing amicable relations between France and Germany, afforded facilities for the return of the *émigrés*. Paul had to choose whether he would remain in the land which had for nine years been to him a second home, where he enjoyed the favour of princes and where his future was secured, or go back to his unhappy country, still smarting from its recent calamities, where he was comparatively unknown and his fortunes were uncertain. The blood of the old French noblesse stirred in his veins ; he bade farewell to his pleasant surroundings in Berlin, left the army, and betook himself to Paris. There he hoped to obtain a civil appointment, for he was resolved to earn his own living, and no longer be a burden on his mother. There is a charm about bright, gay Paris which few can resist : Paul was completely fascinated by it. The agreeable, well-bred ex-officer found the *salons* of the great open to him, himself an honoured guest amongst persons of distinction, at brilliant *fêtes* and crowded *soirées*. Every day offered some fresh excitement, some fresh place of amusement to be visited. "Paris," he wrote to his

brother, "is a centre of light and life ; no one who has not been there knows what existence really is." But Paul soon discovered that the brilliance which dazzled him was a surface glitter ; disenchantment came, and its attendant despondency. He found living very costly ; although he supplemented his slender resources by giving German lessons, unpaid bills began to accumulate, and he was obliged to retrench. His efforts to obtain permanent employment proved futile ; he met with nothing but sterile promises, all his hopes and expectations ended in disappointment. On his applying for assistance in his need to the individuals who had professed the most affection for him, no hand was stretched out to help him ; he was put off with flattering speeches and delusive smiles. Thus he learnt by experience the falseness of the world, of that world which our Lord condemns, and whose friendship His disciples cannot cultivate with impunity. The lesson was a bitter, but a salutary one. Paul withdrew almost entirely from worldly society, took a modest lodging, and devoted his time to religious exercises and assiduous study. To supplement the deficiencies of his education, he attended the free lectures that were given at the college on mathematics and literature.

Paul had never neglected his religious duties, but his early fervour had cooled in the chilling atmosphere of a Protestant Court, in constant association with unbelievers, and still more in the society of the votaries of pleasure. But he was truly pious at heart, and when he was once more in a Catholic country, surrounded with every facility for the practices of devotion, the stimulus to attend more closely to the affairs of his soul was not wanting. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin had then recently been revived in Paris, by the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers, and round the standard thus raised all good Christians had rallied. Amongst the members were ecclesiastics of eminence, men of rank, officials in high position. Paul joined their number, and formed many agreeable acquaintances, besides making friends with men who in after years rendered him valuable aid in starting his charitable enterprises. At length, after a series of disappointments, a post was offered him as master and sub-director of a school where boys were prepared for the Polytechnic. He accepted it gladly, for the exhausted condition of his exchequer had obliged him to dispose of almost all his valuables, and for a time his uniform and dress-suit were in the hands of a money-lender. The robe of a pedagogue proved,

however, far more irksome than the scarlet coat of a Prussian cadet. He had no notion of teaching, and despite his military training, was quite unable to manage his unruly pupils, either in or out of the class-room. Referring to this period, he says: "Those wretched months passed in Paris in command of forty young scamps, without any idea of discipline, and only intent on persecuting their unfortunate Prefect, must have shortened my Purgatory. I prayed God to accept them in expiation of my sins, saying to myself: If I have to spend two or three years, or even all the rest of my days at this work, it is not more than my sins have deserved." Under these circumstances his mind naturally reverted to the past, and life as a soldier, formerly so repugnant to him, seemed as an alternative preferable to his present employment. He commended his future to his Immaculate Mother and patron, and Mary did not fail to succour her client. Quite unexpectedly, after several months of struggle and misery, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the regiment de la Tour d'Auvergne, then stationed at Strasburg. Before quitting Paris, Paul de Magallon, attired in his new and brilliant uniform, knelt once more in the Church of Foreign Missions, where the meetings of the sodality were held, and, surrounded by his fellow-members, solemnly dedicated himself anew to the Blessed Mother of God, and received the benediction of the President. Then he joyously buckled on his sword, and hastened to join his regiment. Almost immediately upon his arrival he was nominated aide-de-camp to General Mathieu-Dumas.

It would take too long to follow the footsteps of our hero, and chronicle the vicissitudes attending the French arms during the period that ensued. Nearly seven years elapsed before he once more laid aside his glittering martial accoutrements and assumed the humble garb of a Brother of Charity. His first military exploits were in Austria; at the Battle of Wagram he fought under the eye of Napoleon, and distinguished himself equally by his valour in repulsing the enemy as by the untiring devotion wherewith he ministered to the wounded and dying after the combat was ended. Promoted to the rank of captain, he joined the Army of the Vistula, and after the treaty of Vienna was signed, passed into Bavaria. The next year saw him Commandant at Sedan, where by tact and prompt action he suppressed an alarming *émeute*. Shortly after we find him marching into Spain with reinforcements for the army of occu-

pation. There he remained about eighteen months, in command of the garrison of Valladolid first, and subsequently of other provincial towns.

At the time when Paul took service again under his country's flag, the long series of reverses, broken by occasional gleams of success, which culminated in the banishment to St. Helena, were commencing for Napoleon. Paul felt deeply the humiliation of these national disasters, more especially as no Christian would fail to discern in the misfortunes that overtook the French armies in Russia, the chastisements of Divine Providence, avenging the persecution of the Supreme Pontiff. These sad events served to increase his aversion to the military profession; his mind revolted from the thought of fighting under a leader on whom the curse of God rested. During the leisure of garrison life, his longing to devote himself entirely to the service of that Monarch, who, although He is Lord of hosts, is also Prince of peace, again stirred strongly within his breast. He even went so far as to mention to his eldest brother, who had settled at Marseilles, his project of giving up his commission. His brother was far from encouraging the idea. "That fool Paul talks of leaving the army again," he wrote to their mother; "what madness it would be, just as he has got a lucrative and honourable post, far away from the theatre of war." Madame de Magallon ascribed the dissatisfaction and restlessness of her favourite son to disappointed ambition. "Have patience, Master Paul," she admonished him, "promotion is sure to come. At the same time, do not be too modest in urging your claim." But before any steps could be taken, fresh orders arrived, and Paul prepared to leave Spain. Napoleon was collecting his forces for a supreme effort, and all disposable troops were recalled to his standard.

Whilst passing through Poland on his way to join the main army, Paul de Magallon was attacked by an illness which forced him to pause. Tended with the utmost care and kindness in the house of a doctor, he soon recovered, but before he could quit the hospitable roof that had sheltered him, a party of Russians coming to reconnoitre, arrested him as prisoner of war. On hearing that he had formerly been page and officer at the Prussian Court, his captors treated him with great courtesy; and the time of his detention, which lasted until the restoration of peace, passed very pleasantly. Although he wrote at regular and frequent intervals to his mother, his letters, owing to the

disturbed state of Europe, did not reach their destination, if they reached it at all, until several months after they were penned. Madame de Magallon had not seen her son for many years; she looked for his return with an eagerness, the intensity of which betrayed a lurking fear that her hope of embracing him once more would not be realized. Paul was scarcely less anxious on his part to revisit the home where his happy childhood was spent. No sooner was he set at liberty than he turned his steps in the direction of his native land. It was then the summer of 1814: he hoped to reach Aix by the 1st of December, his thirtieth birthday, or at any rate by the 4th, the day of St. Barbara, his mother's patron saint. In these days of rapid travelling it may seem strange that this journey should occupy nearly six months. But this delay was not attributable solely to the imperfect means of transit to be met with everywhere at that time. The Russians did not leave liberated prisoners to choose their homeward route, but prescribed certain towns through which they compelled them to pass. Magallon fell ill, and in this way was left behind by his companions. He ran short of money too, and would have been obliged to beg his way, had he not chanced to meet with the charitable doctor who had befriended him on a former occasion, and who now lent him sixty francs. The kind manner in which he was received and assisted by the inhabitants of Silesia and Saxony, who had so grievously suffered at the hands of Napoleon's soldiers, greatly amazed Paul. National animosities were however swept away by the recollections of the wounds inflicted indiscriminately upon all by the iron lash of him who was the scourge of Europe. Touched by his cordial reception, Paul wrote to his mother as follows: "No sooner had I left Russia than I felt that my feet were once more upon *terra firma*, but since I have been in Germany, I have found myself in an earthly paradise! Next to my beloved France, I shall always love the Germans. And yet, dearest mother, my one wish is to leave them, in order to reach Aix. That is the point where all my wishes centre. When shall I be there? I seem to get no nearer, for unfortunately I shall be obliged to go round by Paris." Further on in this letter, which our space forbids us to quote *in extenso*, Paul broaches in a tentative manner the question of his vocation to his mother more openly than he had ever done before. He writes in a tone which could not but lead her to the conviction that he would ere long come

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to some determination, which once formed, he would not fail to carry through. His letter breathes the spirit of one whose heart is already detached from the world, and who is standing in full view of the Promised Land. Yet political events, together with trials and anxieties of various kinds, were to prolong his sojourn in the desert for five more weary years. "I feel," he continues, "the need of rest. You know that it was not *con amore* that I donned my uniform. The soutane has far more attraction for me. If my King and my country no longer require my services, why should I not hang up my sword in our old family hall? My vocation dates from my childhood, and neither the torrents of adversity nor the smooth waters of prosperity have been able to submerge it. It has pursued me everywhere; at the Court, in the army, in good repute and in evil repute, in poverty, sickness, and exile. You cannot impute my wish to embrace the sacerdotal state to failure in my military career, nor to depression of spirits, for I am always cheerful, never sad. Whatever God pleases to do with me, I shall be content. Prince Eugene of Savoy wanted to be a general or a bishop. As I am not a prince, I shall be satisfied if I am a parish priest or a colonel. But at the present moment, what I most desire is to get home and be petted by you, my dearest mother!"

In a similar strain he wrote to all his near relations. When he reached Strasburg, he penned a few fond hasty lines to his mother as follows: "Home, sweet home! How I long to be there, in the midst of my beloved ones! It will be difficult indeed for me to leave you again, unless I do so in obedience to the will of God!" Alas! the meeting with his mother, so eagerly anticipated, was not to be in this world. On the very day that these words were written, 30th of September, 1814, Madame de Magallon breathed her last, after a brief illness. Hers was the death of a true Christian. She received with serene courage the announcement of her approaching end; when death was close at hand, and her confessor repeated the words: *In te, Domine, speravi*, she replied with a smile, *non confundar in aeternum*, and so rendered up her soul to God.

The tidings of her death came upon her favourite son like thunder out of a cloudless sky. Henceforth he adopted more fully than ever as his own, the family device, *Sursum corda!* and fixed his eyes on that true country where his beloved mother was awaiting him. Solace was not wanting to him in

his sorrow. He received the kindest letters of sympathy from the Jesuit Fathers he had known in Paris, of condolence from his fellow-members of the Sodality, bound to him by their common love and devotion to her who is the Consoler of the Afflicted. In the beginning of December we find him among his friends in the capital, put on half-pay, and the delighted owner of a cross of the legion of honour. The first use he made of his leisure was to examine his own heart in the solitude of a retreat, and inquire in what state of life it was the will of God that he should serve Him. More than ever convinced of the reality of his vocation at the close of his retreat, he yet shrank from offering himself as a candidate for the priesthood; a sense of unworthiness for so sublime a dignity, of shame on account of his repeated infidelities to grace, held him back. He asked time to prepare himself in a life of comparative retirement, and drew up for himself a rule of life, in which six hours daily were allotted to studies of a strictly theological nature. With almost boyish exultation he entered on his new path. "Farewell to the world," he exclaims. "I am a Christian, and it shall be my pride to show myself one, even in the company of wordlings. Never will I deny Jesus Christ. Away with human respect, away with love of ease, away with all that flatters the senses. With the cross for my standard I will follow in the blood-stained footsteps of my Redeemer."

The visit to Provence, so long looked for, was not given up because no mother's arms would be open to embrace him. Deeply as Paul felt her loss, his grief sobered, but did not enervate him. After paying several visits, he took up his abode with his eldest sister, the Marchioness de Perrier, and began to lead the quiet regular life which was intended to be a preparation for the priesthood. An unforeseen event disturbed his tranquillity, and obliged him again to take up the sword which he thought to have laid aside for ever. Napoleon, heedless of his word, effected his escape from Elba. His sudden reappearance in France was the signal for a fresh outbreak of hostilities. Paul de Magallon was placed in command of a corps raised in the department *Bouches du Rhône*. In an engagement with the Bonapartist forces, after a valiant resistance, the Marseillaise battalion was outnumbered and cut to pieces. Paul, severely wounded in the thigh, was left for dead on the field where the encounter had taken place. In this critical situation he recommended himself to God, and

also invoked the assistance of St. Joseph, to whom he always afterwards declared he owed the preservation of his life. Help was nearer than he thought. A young royalist officer, Alexis Gueydon by name, whom we shall meet again later on, passed close to the spot where Paul was lying. He was flying for his life, yet he paused to aid the suffering stranger, whose wound he bound up with his handkerchief. Then, helping him to rise, he carried him to a rough sort of cart which happened to be going down the road. In this manner Paul was conveyed to a country house, which had been converted into an ambulance, where he met with every attention. As soon as he was fit to travel, he was removed to Aix, where he remained until he was completely recovered. His convalescence extended over three months, during which the idea of his vocation to the priesthood became increasingly definite. In consequence of this, when Louis XVIII. was established on the throne, he gave up his commission in favour of his second brother, Baptistin, who took the rank of captain in the Grenadiers, while Paul withdrew to Marseilles, to pursue his studies, his name being kept meanwhile on the list of half-pay officers.

That the ex-captain should think of offering himself as a novice to the Society of Jesus will not seem strange. He felt himself called to active service in the militia of the Church, he had a great admiration for the sons of St. Ignatius, and had been much under their influence. The idea was doubtless strengthened in his mind by the singular coincidences between his own history and that of their great Founder. Like him, he had been a soldier up to the age of thirty-one years, he had received in battle a wound which rendered him slightly lame for the rest of his life, and during his convalescence, he had fully determined to devote himself exclusively to the service of God. Another and still more remarkable point of resemblance presented itself somewhat later, when he, like the Saint, took his place in the class-room, side by side with schoolboys not half his age, to learn Latin, of which his knowledge was very imperfect. In addition to all this, he was strongly advised by several of his friends to cast in his lot with the Jesuits. But Paul could not make up his mind; a long period of painful indecision lay before him, in the course of which he was tossed about by doubts and difficulties. When at last he cast anchor in his chosen haven, he might have adopted as his own the words of St. Francis of

Sales in reference to the Visitation: "God Himself has been my guide; I have not done that which I wished to do, and I have done that which I did not wish!"

To give a detailed account of this time of perplexity and hesitation would be beside our present purpose. The principal portion of it was passed under the roof of the Oblate Fathers at Aix, sharing in their religious exercises, accompanying them on their missions, rivalling them in their austerities and their practices of mortification. But this house, excellent school as it was for the virtues befitting the sacerdotal state, was not a college for the acquisition of the learning requisite for a priest. During the temporary absence of the Superior, Paul came under the influence of another director, by whose counsels he entered the Jesuit College at Forcalquier, and later on, the Seminary at Aix. His sojourn at the latter was a brief one; it was succeeded by ten months of inaction, spent at the house of his eldest brother at Marseilles. There we find him in the spring of 1819, his thoughts turning in a fresh direction, that of foreign missions.

At this juncture our hero may be compared to a traveller, standing where several roads meet, all of which lead to the same place, but by a different route. For the last five years his face had been set in the direction of the religious life; in this resolution he had never wavered. But what Order was he to join? And was the priesthood really his vocation? Every day he asked himself these questions; every day he climbed the hill overlooking the city, on whose summit stands the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, to implore the Star of the Sea to guide him as to his future course.

Mary did not long let her devout client ask in vain. One morning when, weary of his state of indecision, he had been doubly fervent in his petitions, he was returning from the shrine, his mind full of the subject that engrossed his thoughts. As he traversed one of the busiest parts of the city, his eye fell on two young men standing at a market-gardener's stall. Something in their dress struck him as peculiar; he noted their quiet, modest demeanour, the earnestness with which they were urging their request. Passing close by, he overheard them begging for some early vegetables, to tempt the appetite of a sick man who could not eat common fare. The words that thus by chance met his ear, kindled in an instant his old attraction for the care of the sick, of which he had given such notable

proof after his first engagement, the Battle of Wagram. The desire to engage in active works of charity took possession of him with irresistible force : almost involuntarily he followed the young men when they left the market, and discovered that they came from the hospital. On inquiry he learnt that a few pious laymen had recently been admitted there as volunteer infirmarians, the day on which they had dedicated themselves to the service of the suffering poor having been the 8th of March, the day of St. John of God, Founder of the Order of Charity. This Order, suppressed during the Revolution, they were desirous to revive in France. Paul de Magallon no longer felt any doubt as to his vocation ; the infant community received him gladly into their number ; he hung his decorations on the hand of the Divine Child in the arms of our Lady, whose statue stood in the corridor of the hospital, and enrolled himself for the rest of his life in the Order of Charity.

It may well be imagined that the distinguished connections, the brilliant past, the talents and virtues of the quondam officer, gave him a prestige which his more lowly brethren were far from possessing. The generous devotion displayed in exchanging a life of ease and comfort for the arduous avocations of a nursing Brother, excited universal admiration. Even those who regretted that he had not taken Holy Orders, rejoiced in the humility and courage of one who could thus choose to be an abject in the house of God. As for Paul himself, writing to his former Superior and director at Aix, he declared his happiness to be unclouded. The wise priest took care to warn him of the necessity of obedience, and of preparing himself for the trials and humiliations which were surely in store for him. At the outset these counsels seemed little needed. Led by his example, and by the edifying life of the Brothers, several others joined them ; the precedence from the first being instinctively yielded to Paul. He was moreover chosen as the Superior when, a few months later, the community assumed the habit and adopted the rule of the ancient Order of Hospitallers, and were formally recognized by the diocesan authorities and the municipal government, their gratuitous services being accepted by the Council of Administration in the hospitals of the city. Another French officer was at this time led by Notre Dame de la Garde to enlist in the ranks of the Infirmarian Brothers, the young guardsman, who, it will be remembered, paused in his flight from the victorious Bonapartists to act the good Samaritan towards de Magallon.

One day, whilst Paul was still his brother's guest at Marseilles, as he was leaving the sanctuary where so many graces were obtained, he was accosted by a young man, who recalled the incident to his mind. This was Alexis Gueydon. Closer acquaintance ripened into warm friendship; and when Paul shortly after announced his intention of donning the apron of the Order of Charity, he found that his friend had been inspired by our Lady with the same generous resolve.

Before entering upon the life in Religion of our hero (who took the name of Brother John of God), the reader may be interested to hear that as a reward of his sacrifice and the first-fruits of his apostolate, the conversion of his brother Baptistin was granted to his prayers. When he took his place at the bedside of the suffering poor, the spiritual needs of his brother weighed heavily on his mind. At Easter in the following year, however, he had the joy of hearing that Baptistin, after neglect of religion during twenty years of military life, had at length been touched by grace, approached the Sacrament of Penance, and entered upon a new course. In this he persevered until death called him hence, full of years and of good works.

Almost from the outset the Brothers of Charity, in tending the sick in the public hospitals, found themselves hampered by the restrictions imposed on them by the governors and paid officials, whose care concerned only the bodies, not the souls of the sufferers. They longed to have a house of their own where they could receive and tend the sick, and treat them, as they said, as the children of God, not as citizens of France. Soon after the formation of the community, they had established a sort of novitiate and house of rest for overworked members, in a old monastery at a short distance from the town, and in this rural retreat they gradually took in a few sick persons belonging to the parish in which their house was situated. These were for the most part mentally afflicted. In selecting this class of sufferers for their especial care, they were carrying out the design of the Founder of the Order of Charity, St. John of Granada, who in consequence of the brutal treatment he received whilst unjustly confined in a madhouse, made it his object, when set at liberty, to alleviate the miseries of the insane, so often roughly and cruelly handled by their attendants.¹

¹ The Order of Charity was founded in the year 1540, by a man of humble parentage but of eminent sanctity, who dedicated his life to the service of the sick poor. The name of *John of God* was given to him by the episcopal President of

Every one will admit that there is scarcely a task more arduous and meritorious than that of serving those who are deprived of the light of reason.

The desire for independence evinced by the Brothers of Charity gave great umbrage to the civil administration. Jealous of their authority, far from making any concession, they tightened their hold over the Brothers, and allowed them less liberty than before. The community appealed to the Holy See, the result being that they received the Pontifical approbation, and three years later were canonically incorporated into the ancient Order of Hospitallers, Father de Magallon¹ being appointed Provincial. Thirty-five years now lay before him; years to be spent in heroic self-sacrifice and unremitting toil on behalf of the sick and suffering, before he should enter into his eternal reward. The newly made Prior needed no small measure of charity, of courage, of confidence in Divine Providence, to enable him to cope with the trials and difficulties that awaited him. One of the foremost of these was the lack of funds. All the means at his disposal for the erection of hospitals, the maintenance of the Brothers, the providing for the sick, was, besides the voluntary donations of the faithful, a scanty pension allowed him by Government in recognition of his past services in the army. The first hospital he founded for the epileptic and insane, was visited by an unexpected misfortune; typhoid fever broke out, and in a few days eight Religious, besides eighty of the inmates, fell victims to its ravages. When the epidemic was over, those who escaped death were taken by Father de Magallon, who at its outbreak had hastened to the assistance of his brethren, to share their dangers, support their courage, and if needs be, die with them, to the hospital he had opened near Lyons. This house, the

the Court of Judicature in Granada, and the habit to be worn by himself and his fellow-workers was prescribed by the same authority. The Saint had no thought of founding a Religious Order; the rule which bears his name was not drawn up until 1556, six years after his death, nor were the vows of Religion taken by the Brothers until 1570. At the outbreak of the Revolution, they had 39 hospitals in France alone, and the number of sick annually admitted into these hospitals amounted to no less than 70,000.

¹ The title of *Father*, thenceforth given to Paul de Magallon, may give rise to the supposition that like several of the Brothers of Charity, he was admitted to Holy Orders. This was not so, although more than once in his after life he was heard to express a regret that he had listened to the promptings of humility rather than to the counsels of the Jesuit Fathers whom he consulted regarding his vocation. The possession of sacerdotal powers, he felt, would have greatly increased his usefulness at the bedside of the sick and dying.

long wards of which were speedily filled with patients, was to be the central house of the Province, and there, under his wise government, the life of the Hospitallers might be seen to perfection, in the beauty and elevation of its supernatural character. The multiplicity of their duties, the continual activity, the care and attention demanded of them by the arduous work to which they had dedicated themselves, did not prevent these lowly servants of the poor from observing with scrupulous exactitude the various points of their religious rule. Even the rule of silence was never broken; not a word was exchanged between them unless necessity required it. The cheerfulness and serenity which mark those who work for God were stamped on every countenance; mental prayer, daily Mass, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, frequent Communion, the fast of Fridays, corporal mortification, the periodical renewal of vows, sustained the fervour of their spiritual life and kept unbroken that union with the God of charity which alone enables the timorous to persevere, and arms the feeble with fortitude to overcome the repugnances of nature. Every fresh sufferer who claimed their care was regarded as a brother in Jesus Christ, nay, as the very Man of Sorrows Himself, who would one day acknowledge the services rendered to His poor as rendered to Him in Person.

"As soon as a sick man is brought to the hospital," writes an author who describes the work of the Order, "a Brother hastens to receive him with a kindly smile. His hands and feet are bathed with water perfumed with aromatic herbs; his rags are exchanged for clean linen; he is laid in a bed which has been warmed, if the weather is cold, and which is appropriated to him alone.¹ Whilst awaiting the coming of the doctor, the patient is gently reminded of his spiritual infirmities, and exhorted to cleanse his soul in the Sacrament of Penance; his physical maladies are then inquired into, the medical prescription noted down, and the remedies duly applied. When the dinner-hour approaches, the patient finds himself waited on like a prince; one of the Brothers washes his hands, another dexterously wipes them with a towel; a third smooths the coverlet, unfolds a *serviette*, places a small table by his side, and invites him to join in a *Pater* and *Ave* for the benefactors of the institution. A bell rings; more Brothers enter, singing

¹ Until recently, in the public hospitals of France, one bed served for several patients. In the Hôtel-Dieu of Paris, as many as four or even six were thus crowded together, to the extreme discomfort of all.

a psalm, and bearing well-filled trays; the blessing is given, and before each sufferer a dainty repast is placed, consisting of several courses, cooked to a nicety, attractive to the eye as well as tempting to the palate.

"Every morning, before the day's work begins, a prayer is read aloud in each ward, and at an altar erected for the purpose, the Holy Sacrifice is offered. The day, commenced with prayer, ends likewise with prayer. After supper the chaplain, vested in stole and surplice, recites the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the *Salve Regina*. Then preceded by the cross-bearer and two attendants with candles, he goes through the wards, reciting the *Miserere*, and sprinkling each bed with holy water. Then the Brothers withdraw, all but the night nurses, commending their beloved charges to the watchful care of their Immaculate Mother."

Of the daily routine thus portrayed, P. de Magallon was the mainspring and the centre. No duty was too humble for him to perform, no task too delicate for his skilful fingers to accomplish. Nothing distinguished the quondam staff-officer from the other infirmarians except the slight limp which his wound had left, and perhaps, his superior aptitude for managing the insane. He had the art of divining the wishes they could not or would not express, of anticipating their wants, and dispelling the delusions of their diseased brain. His pleasant countenance, radiant with joy and cheerfulness, was in itself enough to calm the querulous and encourage the despondent. The revival of the Order of Charity promised to be a complete success, and its rapid development in France appeared certain. It found appreciation among all classes, and the alms of the faithful were sufficient to meet the necessary expenditure of each day. The Brothers were, however, to learn that a supernatural work cannot rest upon the fragile basis of human favour. The time of trial came, and came early, as it does to all charitable foundations, if they are to have any stability. P. de Magallon found himself in a sore strait for want of funds, and the failure of the work, which appeared so prosperous, seemed at one time inevitable. We will relate how, through his piety and faith, the impending bankruptcy was averted.

The hospital at Lyons was encumbered with a heavy debt; the creditors pressed for payment, and formal notice was given that if a bill for 20,000 fr. (£800) which fell due in the autumn of 1827, was not paid in full, an execution would be put into the

house. With the strictest economy, and using every exertion, P. de Magallon could only succeed in collecting a fifth part of the sum required. The money brought in by the Brothers whom he sent out to beg barely sufficed to pay the tradespeople, and in consequence of the legal proceedings already taken against him, no one would give the Brothers credit, still less could any one be found to advance them money as a loan. Like Josaphat when unable to resist his adversaries, P. de Magallon in this emergency looked to God, and said: "As we know not what to do, we can only turn our eyes to Thee."¹ Just at this crisis, one of the Brothers received from his parents two hundred francs (£5), which he handed immediately to his Superior. The latter, addressing the Brothers, said: "I propose with your consent to employ this sum in purchasing a statue of our Blessed Lady which we have as yet not had the means of procuring. It is too small to be of material assistance to us in our financial difficulties: let us place ourselves and the interests of our Order in the hands of our Immaculate Mother, she will not fail to interfere in our aid." A statue was accordingly bought, and placed over the house door, where it stands to this day. A novena was made, one of the Brothers being sent each day to Our Lady of Fourvières, to entreat her to grant the prayers of her servants. On the eve of the day on which the payment was due, the third Sunday in November, the feast of our Lady's Patronage, Mary was proclaimed Mother General of the Order of Charity, a document to this effect being laid, together with the writ that had been served upon them, at the foot of the statue.

The fatal morning came; the Brothers could hardly maintain their wonted cheerfulness, not knowing whether before night, they might not have to evacuate their premises. What was then to become of the five hundred incurables under their care? But the confidence of the pious Provincial was not to be put to shame. Amongst the letters laid on his table was a note from the postmaster asking him to go round to the head office. He repaired thither at once. "Do you," the postmaster inquired of him, "know of a community of nuns of St. John of God in Lyons?" P. de Magallon replied that he was sure that there were not any there of that name. "Then for whom is this intended?" continued his interlocutor, handing him a letter bearing this address: *A Madame la Supérieure*

¹ 2 Paral. xx. 14.

Générale de la Communauté de St. Jean de Dieu, à Lyon. P. de Magallon laughed with delight. "Only yesterday," he cried, "we nominated the Blessed Virgin Mother General of our Province! The letter is for her!" "In that case," rejoined the postmaster, with a smile, "we may as well open it;" and he broke the seal. The letter contained a cheque for 10,000 francs. This important assistance in meeting the demands of their creditors was the gift of two ladies in Paris, who, hearing of the necessities of the Brothers Hospitallers, hastened to give orders to their banker to transmit this sum to the community. The clerk employed imagined that the community in question was one of women, and addressed the missive in the manner described. Six thousand francs were still needed to complete the sum that must be forthcoming before nightfall. On returning home, P. de Magallon found a letter containing the exact amount, from a benefactress in Lille, who having the sum placed at her disposal for some good work, had been suddenly inspired to employ it in this manner.

This instance is but one of many in which the Mother of God interposed miraculously on behalf of the Brothers when in pecuniary and other embarrassments. It was the first, and the most striking, and P. de Magallon, to the end of his days, loved to relate every detail of it, for the encouragement of devotion to Mary. The confidence of his spiritual sons in their celestial Protectress has never diminished, nor have the signs of her favour ceased. On occasion of the decrees promulgated in 1880 against Religious, she saved them from dispersion, and enabled them to continue their works in spite of the spoliations and persecutions of the Government.

When no longer Provincial, P. de Magallon took upon himself the wearisome and ungrateful task of going in quest of alms. His superior bearing and gentle, courteous manners, made a favourable impression on first acquaintance; whilst his patience, humility, and unobtrusive charity inspired those who knew him better with profound esteem and admiration. Not unfrequently his virtues bore fruit by attracting others to the Order, as in the instance we will now relate. One evening when out on a begging expedition, he and his companion were overtaken by the darkness in a village at some distance from any town. Knocking at the door of a cottage, they asked for a night's shelter, and were kindly received by the inmates, a peasant and his wife. The former placed before them the best

viands his larder could provide, whilst the latter set about getting ready for them her spare room, furnished with two beds with linen and curtains of snowy whiteness. After supper, the good woman happened to observe that the humbler of her guests was trying to free himself from some unpleasant insects, which he had probably got from the tramps whose quarters he shared on the previous night. She was so disgusted that, despite her husband's wishes, she could not be persuaded to let the two Religious sleep in the house. Calling her nephew, a little boy still in petticoats, who lived with her, she put into his hand a lantern almost as large as himself, and bade him conduct them to the stable, and show them the way up to the hayloft. The readiness and even gratitude with which P. de Magallon accepted this lodging, the absence of any shade of annoyance on his countenance or in his manner, his poverty, his humility, was never forgotten by the child. The idea of becoming a Brother of Charity took possession of him that night; the seed of his future vocation was securely laid in his youthful heart. When the boy grew up to man's estate, he became one of the most exemplary Religious in the house where P. de Magallon was Prior. Such is the power which the beauty of holiness exercised over the soul even of so young a child.

Space will not allow us to speak of the numerous foundations made by this energetic servant of God when he was again placed over the Province, and the marvellous success that by Divine grace attended his work. This consisted principally, as we have seen, in the establishment of asylums for the insane. The method of treatment followed towards those who were mentally afflicted had the happiest results. The most violent and dangerous quieted down, and in a short time became docile and manageable under the judicious and kind care of the Brothers. Such was the order, the tranquillity, the calm that prevailed in these houses, the inmates who were capable of manual labour fulfilling the household duties, while diversions of various descriptions were provided for the others, that the public voice was raised in admiration of the system. The Government consulted P. de Magallon as to the improvements which might be introduced into the pauper asylums, and a considerable number of incurable lunatics, for whom a small sum was paid, were confided to his care. Perfect fearlessness, readiness of resource, a dignified air of command which he knew how to assume, and

which well became the position he formerly occupied in the world, gave him personally great power over the most recalcitrant of his charges. A certain portion of several of the asylums was set apart for the reception of priests, whom mental aberration prevented from the performance of their sacred functions. It was called the Presbytery; there they lived in community, treated with respectful kindness by the Brothers. Some enjoyed the privilege of saying Mass occasionally; they were also permitted to give instructions to the other patients. Another unhappy, and until recently most neglected class of beings, idiots and imbeciles, also found a home with the Brothers of St. John of God.

The Hospitallers of France met with the warmest encouragement from the Supreme Pontiff, when in 1843, P. de Magallon went to Rome to attend the Chapter of the Order. In his person they also received the most flattering encomiums from royal and other distinguished personages; and entreaties that he would found houses in other countries, in other quarters of the world, beset him on all sides. These invitations he was forced to decline, for the present at least. Trials and anxieties were not wanting; the office of Prior of the Institution of the Rue Odinot in Paris (one of the most important of his foundations) proved no sinecure. In spite of the popularity of the Brothers the necessary funds for so costly an establishment were not forthcoming. P. de Magallon was fain to revive his connection with many families of rank and opulence, to cross the threshold of kings and nobles, in order to plead the cause of the needy. In justice to Parisian society and to his own perfect tact, it must be added that he met with no less cordial a welcome when he came in the lowly habit of the Brother of Charity, than when wearing the glittering uniform of an officer of the staff.

In this manner the years passed by, until incessant exertion, physical fatigue, the strain of responsibility, began to tell on the frame of the veteran Hospitaller. The infirmities of old age, too, made themselves felt, and the state of debility into which he fell demanded a period of complete rest. He never regained his health; on the contrary, more serious symptoms of disease manifested themselves, which rendered a painful operation necessary. He was pleased to find that the incision made by the doctors upon his chest was in the form of a cross. "I did not love the cross sufficiently," he said humbly. "God in His mercy has imprinted it upon my body, and very near my heart."

To be placed on the retired list, as no longer capable of active service, was in itself a great trial to him. He must endeavour, he said, to repair the infidelities and negligences of his past life, and make an end of his pride and habits of self-indulgence. The last years he spent at Lyons. They were profitable not only to himself as a means of sanctification, but because of the example this aged soldier of the Cross gave to his younger comrades. He chose for himself the humblest duties, the meanest offices; and the Religious about him respected him more when they saw him practising the severest mortifications, when they heard him humbly acknowledge the least mistake, or accuse himself of some involuntary infraction of the Rule, than when they saw him the hero of many battles, engaging in great enterprises for the glory of God. Those who had admired the sacrifice he once made of his worldly prospects, admired still more the holocaust he now offered of his natural desires and inclinations, the victory he obtained over himself at the close of his long and laborious campaigns. They were charmed and edified by witnessing the patience and resignation, the cheerfulness and charity, that characterized him throughout his illness. The gold of the solid virtues he had acquired shone most brightly when plunged into the crucible which was to purify them from the last remnants of human imperfection.

As long as his strength would permit, the aged Brother might be seen wending his way with faltering steps to the shrine of Fourvières, where, as before that of N. D. de la Garde at Marseilles, he had received such signal favours. The snows of age did not chill his affectionate devotion to Mary; her altars in the hospital were always decked with flowers, tended for this purpose by his willing hands. Almost to the last he continued to go down to the oratory at the appointed hours, to follow the religious exercises of the community, and recite with them the usual prayers and litanies. At length the day came when he could no longer drag his enfeebled limbs to his accustomed place. "Henceforth," he said, "the bell will call me in vain; I cannot obey its summons." But on the day preceding his death, he was present at the community Mass, and received Holy Communion. On regaining his cell, he lay down, in a state of complete prostration, on the pallet which served him as a bed, and on which, much against his desire, by the order of the Superior, a mattress had been placed. Towards midnight, conscious that his end was approaching, he begged the Brother

who was in attendance on him to spread a little straw from the paillasse on the floor, and let him lie on it, as he felt the heat to be very exhausting. The Infirmarian, not suspecting the little artifice suggested by a true humility, yielded to his wish ; and the servant of Christ rejoiced to be able to leave the world under the same circumstances of poverty and abjection under which his Master had entered it. He was seventy-five years of age when, on the 14th July, 1859, he peacefully breathed his last.

The reviver of the Order of Charity, or Hospitallers, in France, Paul de Magallon, presents as perfect an example as could well be found for the imitation of its members, during the forty years which he dedicated to the service of the sick poor.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

A Glimpse of Good Society.

FROM A CORNER OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Ecce sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo. Non est inventus similis illi, qui conservaret legem excelsi, are words which occur to one, standing beside a tomb in Salisbury Cathedral, erected in memory of Bishop Poor, although it probably does not contain his body, since Durham and Tarent also lay claim to the mortal remains of the founder of New Sarum. Often did Bishop Richard use the words, offering Masses at the three altars which he himself consecrated in 1225; one, as Matthew Paris tells us, in honour of the Blessed Trinity and All Saints, one to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and the third dedicated to St. Stephen and All Martyrs; and, at the dedication festival, when preaching the sermon to a notable congregation, may it not have occurred to Stephen Langton, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, that the consecrating Bishop was a fair example of such a priest?

Richard Pauper, or Poor, was born in Tarent, Dorsetshire, entered the Church, and became successively Dean of Old Sarum and Bishop of Chichester in 1215, but upon the death of his brother Herbert, in 1217, he "was translated to the see of Sarum by the Pope's authority," as his friend, William of Wanda, informs us. Wanda goes on to relate that the appointment was a judicious one, as Richard Poor had proved himself a zealous Dean, "and was known to be a man of the greatest learning, as well as of the purest morals." "The choice was approved by the whole nation, which had found him a loyal champion against Lewis the Frenchman," and by the Legate who had in Bishop Poor "a useful assistant in managing the affairs of the realm." "Therefore, after a report was transmitted to the Holy Roman See, the assent of the Pope was given, and thus was done, what every one wished, what God provided, what the Pope effected, and what the universe required!"

The first care of the Bishop Richard was for the government of his diocese, concerning which he published Constitutions, but his great work was the founding of New Sarum Cathedral, of which an interesting account was written under his direction by William of Wanda, a priest attached to it. Wanda relates how Bishop Herbert had desired to move the Mother Church of the see to a safer place, and Peter de Blois tells us that the old "church, as a captive on the hill where it was built, [was] like the ark of God shut up in the profane house of Baal."

The evil days of John prevented Herbert from carrying out his design, and from the Bull of Honorius, "servant of the servants of God," granting Bishop Richard leave to move, we may gather under what difficulties the Divine worship was carried on in the old Cathedral, within the walls of the Sarum fortress.

To begin with, the situation was so exposed that the clergy had to contend with the winds to keep a roof over their heads at all; they were required to buy water; no one might even enter the church without leave of the Castellars, and the services were continually interrupted by the ribaldry of the garrison soldiers.

In 1219, a wooden chapel was erected in honour of our Lady, in the already growing neighbourhood of New Sarum, but funds being needed, the Bishop, "by the advice of the Chapter, appointed preachers, or rather collectors of alms, through divers bishoprics of England," to solicit aid. It seems the "inferior clergy" refused to go on this begging expedition, and the Bishop then "addressed himself with sighs and tears to the higher persons. Some of them likewise excused themselves, but others cheerfully undertaking the task, he gave them proper instructions, . . . and they . . . went abroad, every one to the district assigned," London falling to Wanda's own share. Money being gathered, "on the day of St. Vitalis," 1220, the foundations were laid, a great feast was ordered by the Bishop, in expectation of the King (who however failed to come), but Richard, obeying the Apostolic injunction, hospitably received a goodly company of lesser personages, and after invoking the Holy Ghost, and putting off his shoes, went in procession to the place of foundation, singing the Litany. Wanda tells us "the Bishop laid the first stone for our Lord, Pope Honorius, . . the second for the Lord S—— (Stephen Langton), Archbishop

of Canterbury, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, . . . and then . . . added a third stone for himself."

Other stones were afterwards placed in order "amidst the acclamations of the multitude; the people weeping for joy, and contributing thereto, with a ready mind, according to their ability."

We have preserved for us, however, a surer indication of the character of Bishop Poor than can be afforded by any architectural monument. A house in Tarent, Dorsetshire, near Crayford Bridge on the River Stour, contained, during the first quarter of the thirteenth century, three ladies of good family, with their servants, who had withdrawn from the world for the purpose of engaging in pious exercises and devout meditations. For the use of these three ladies the Bishop of Salisbury drew up a short rule of life in which will be found embodied evidence of the common sense, great experience, and large-minded care of the author, to say nothing of his spiritual knowledge; the perusal of the semi-Saxon "*Ancren Riwe*," moreover, throws considerable light upon the manners, ideals, and failings of thirteenth century society in England.

It is true the work, and the Latin version of the Rule, have been ascribed to Simon of Ghent, but for reasons philological which will be found in the Preface of the "*Ancren Riwe*," published by the Camden Society, it may be safely asserted that the earlier Bishop of Salisbury, interested in the doings of Tarent gentlefolk, Tarent being his birthplace, was more likely its author.

The anchoresses belonged to no recognized Religious Order, though later the convent became incorporated in the Cistercian Society, and, at the time of the dissolution, its yearly revenue was £239 11s. 10d. The seal of the community—a nun in adoration of the Child Christ on the Virgin's knee—was affixed to the deed of surrender, dated March 30, in the 30th year of Henry VIII.'s reign.

Those who know the quaint simplicity of St. Francis of Sales, will be struck in reading the *Ancren Riwe*, by the curious anticipation, both of his style and matter, which Bishop Poor's writing affords.

It is not so much with a view of illustrating the life of the ladies of Tarent (who were to say, when asked to what Order they belonged, to that "of St. James, who was God's Apostle . . ." and "saith what religion is. . . . *Religio munda et immaculata*

apud Deum et Patrem hæc est, visitare pupillos et viduas in tribulatione eorum, et immaculatum se custodire ab hoc sæculo"), as to learn the mind of the thirteenth century Bishop, that the book is interesting to us.

From the frequent Latin quotations he uses, and by no means always translates, we may gather that he was in favour of women being taught something beyond cooking and stitching. "In this book read every day, when ye are at leisure, every day less or more; for I hope that if ye read it often it will be very beneficial to you, . . . or else I shall have ill-employed much of my time."

"An anchoress," indeed, he says, "must not become a schoolmistress, not turn her anchoress-house into a school for children. Her maiden may, however, teach any little girl concerning whom it might be doubtful whether she should learn among boys," which seems to infer that sufficient Latin for the Offices of the Church was commonly taught to maidens of good family, since, in the part of the Rule which treats of "Divine Service," the Bishop gives directions to the ladies which would have been unintelligible unless they had as much Latin as their brothers.

Justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude are cardinal virtues, which it is the Bishop's duty to preach. Here is an example of a prudent man's advice: "Eve, in Paradise, held a long conversation with the serpent, told him all the lesson that God had taught her and Adam concerning the apple; and thus the fiend, by her talk, understood her weakness, and found the way to ruin her. Our Lady . . . acted in quite a different manner. She told the Angel no tale, but asked him briefly that which she wanted to know. Do you, my dear Sisters, imitate our Lady and not the cackling Eve!" "Believe secular men little, Religious still less. . . . Eve spoke with the serpent without fear. Our Lady was afraid of speaking with Gabriel." And there is another quaint dictum, "Wheat is holy conversation," as St. Anselm says. "She grinds *grit* who prates *idly*. The two cheeks are the grindstones; the tongue is the clapper."

The Bishop's wisdom, not a little tempered with a sense of humour, shines out in the following: "You must not, upon any account, imprecate evil upon any one; nor take an oath, except ye be able to speak from clear and certain knowledge of the fact. . . . Rebuke no man, nor reprove him for his fault; *but, if*

he be very froward, holy, aged anchoresses may do it in some manner; but it is not a safe thing, and belongeth not to the young!"

It has been said of St. Francis de Sales, that he had a hand of iron in a velvet glove for his Nuns of the Visitation. Though this is not the place to discuss ascetical theology, a careful perusal of the *Ancren Riwe* will convince any one that Bishop Poor concedes little to the weaknesses of human nature, although his Rule is tempered throughout with common-sense restrictions concerning mortifications practised in those days. The ladies are to wear no "iron, hair, nor hedgehog skins, . . . nor to use a scourge of leather thongs, nor leaded; and do not," he says, "with holly nor with briars cause yourself to bleed without leave of your confessor."

Concerning dress the Bishop has most sensible views—"Because no man seeth you, nor do ye see any man, ye may be well content with your clothes, be they white, be they black, only see that they be plain and warm, and well made—skins well tanned—and have as many as you need for bed and also for back. . . . Let your shoes be thick and warm. . . . In summer ye are at liberty to go and to sit barefoot, and to wear hose without vamps. Have neither ring, nor brooch, nor ornamental girdle, no gloves, nor any such thing." To write thus he must have paid attention to the dress of fine ladies at Sarum Castle. Becky Sharpe was by no means the first lady who knitted purses to ensnare soft-hearted Jos Sedleys. We find this Bishop in the thirteenth century writing: "Make no purses to gain friends therewith, nor blodbends of silk, but shape and sew and mend Church vestments and pore people's clothes!"

For the good of their health he orders: "Ye shall have your hair cut four times a year to disburden your head, and be let blood as oft, or oftener if it is necessary; but if any one can dispense with this, I may well suffer it. When ye are let blood, ye ought to do nothing that may be irksome to you for three days; but talk with your maidens and divert yourselves together with instructive tales. Ye may often do so when ye feel dispirited or are grieved about some worldly matter or sick. Thus wisely take care of yourselves when you are let blood, and keep yourselves in such service, and also when ye feel any sickness, for it is a great folly, for the sake of one day, to lose ten or twelve."

How long the practice of "blood letting," in spring and fall, held its own in medicine, country doctors of a school which has hardly yet died out in remote districts of England serve to prove. Bishop Poor believed in the gospel of soap and water. He orders his anchoresses to wash "as often as ye please," and although he regarded sickness as a "fire which is to be patiently endured" and a great means of sanctification, it must be "sickness which God sends, not that which some catch through their own folly. For many make themselves sick through their foolhardiness, and this displeaseth God."

From the custom of bleeding the Bishop gives many quaint illustrations in his instructions on the senses and the sin of anger. "A man, for an illness that he hath, is not let blood in the diseased, but in the whole side, in order to heal the diseased side. But in the whole world, which was in a furr . . . there was not found among all mankind any sound part that might be let blood, but God's Body only, who let Himself blood on the Cross; not in the arm only, but in five places, that He might heal all mankind of the sickness which the five senses had awakened."

He takes blood as an image of sin. "Blood betokeneth sin, for as a bleeding man is hideous and frightful in the sight of man, so is the sinful before the eyes of God. Again, no man can judge of blood correctly until it be cold; it is the same with regard to sin. While the heart is inwardly boiling with wrath, there is no just decision nor any right judgment. . . . Let the heart cool, and . . . thou wilt rightly judge the sinful, and the sin be loathsome and foul which seemed to thee fair."

In his description of anger he quotes Horace, *Ira furor brevis est*, and he compares an angry woman to a she-wolf: "Though she say her Hours, and her *Pater nosters* and her *Aves*, yet she doth nothing but howl!"

Very beautiful are the good Bishop's directions for prayers, and great was his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He recommends the practice still followed by Catholics to-day, of directing the first waking thoughts to "God's flesh and blood, which is over the high altar; fall on your knees towards it with this salutation, 'Hail, Thou Author of our creation. Hail, Thou price of our redemption!'" &c.

The prayers for use at Mass, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, for the gifts of the Holy Ghost, for grace to keep the commandments, for forgiveness of sins, the Acts of Contrition

and Love, which will be found in this little book, breathe the spirit of fervent, simple piety, which must have animated the soul of Bishop Poor, and kept him untainted and free from the spirit of the world while engaged in business of State or the administration of his diocese.

That he was an experienced director of souls is evident from his knowledge of temptation, and his clear, practical advice on the subject.

"The good, who have reached a high degree of virtue, are more tempted than the frail; and there is reason for it; for the greater and higher the hill is, there is the more wind upon it. As the hill of holy and pious life is greater and higher, so the fiend's puffs, which are the winds of temptations, are stronger thereon and more frequent."

He says, "To resist outward temptations there is need of . . . much resolution. To resist the inward, . . . wisdom and spiritual strength," and for both the remedy is "self-command." "Ye need not fear any devil's blast, *except the lime fail*, for ye are towers cemented all of you one to another with the lime of sisterly love. . . . As soon as any of you undoth her cement, she is soon swept forth; if the other do not hold her she is soon cast down, as a loose stone is from the coping of the tower, down into the deep ditch of some foul sin."

Can we not imagine that some little accident of which the architect Bishop was witness, suggested that illustration from what may be called his hobby-horse, church building, since tradition says he had a rude, temporary house erected close to the rising walls of the Cathedral, in order to superintend personally the operations of the workmen? The author of the *Ancren Riwe* was a learned man. He is thoroughly acquainted with Holy Scripture, and frequently quotes from the Fathers and also from Horace and Ovid; he has a lively fancy, rivets the attention by apt and out of the way similes and comparisons with homely things; his style is simple, and he uses short sentences effectively, but there is a sense of proportion and refinement in his writing which proclaims a cultured mind.

In his English there is a large percentage of Norman words, but it requires a certain familiarity with the older Saxon language to read it easily, and the spelling is exceedingly archaic.

The following is an example from his directions to his ladies on speech: "Ou alre crest hurn ye schulen to owre parlures

purla iwiteth et ower meides huo hit bro is icumen ; uor swuch hit mei beon ye schulen asunein, ou hurn ye alees moten worth creoisid ful yeowne our muth, earen and eien and to brersts eke ; and god forth mid Godes drede," &c., which being rendered freely into English is, that before going to the parlour window, learn from the maid who has come, because it may be some one you should shun, but if you needs must go forth, cross your mouth, eyes and ears, and also make the sacred sign on your breast, and go forth in the fear of God.

Bishop Poor's reverence for the Sacred Scriptures was very marked ; he was a profound Biblical scholar, and it is probable also that to his zealous devotion the library of Salisbury Cathedral was indebted for some valuable manuscripts, including several books of Holy Writ, which were transcribed under his auspices. Of his administrative ability we have the testimony of Stephen Langton, and the fact that, by "the Pope's authority," he was set over the important see of Durham. It is interesting also to learn from Selden that "the earliest Parliamentary writ on record was addressed to Bishop Poor."

The spiritual peer of Salisbury was specially favoured by Providence, at the period of the translation of the see from Old to New Sarum, in possessing a lay coadjutor for good works of great power, in the person of the temporal lord at the castle. Barons in the reigns of Lackland and his weak-minded son Henry III., were by no means always meet company for Bishops ; overbearing, proud, defiant men, with but indifferent notions concerning the force of such simple words as "mine" and "thine," they too often only developed a desire to cultivate the society of the clergy upon their death-beds, and instances of feuds between earls and prince-bishops were not unknown to Matthew Paris, or his rather loquacious brother scribe, Gerald of Wales.

It pleases us to fancy that, as Bishop Poor knelt before his Lord, weighted with the "care of all the churches" in his diocese, he could pour forth grateful thanks for the presence of true friends to virtue in Sarum Castle. When the foundations of Salisbury Cathedral were laid, William of Wanda, in his account of the ceremonial, tells us that "William Longespée, Earl of Sarum, laid the fourth stone ; and the fifth was laid by Ela de Vitui, Countess of Salisbury, his wife, a woman truly praiseworthy, because she was filled with the fear of the Lord." William Longsword and his wife were important

people in their day, and a halo of romance hangs about them and theirs, for he was a son of Fair Rosamond, and she one of the greatest heiresses in the kingdom.

There was an Edward of Salisbury mentioned in Domesday Book, who died about the year 1119. His son, a Walter, married Isabella de Chaworth, and their heir was Patrick, Earl of Salisbury, who so zealously espoused the cause of the Empress Maud, receiving in reward the title of Earl, though we do not know whether custody of the castle was conferred with the office. The patent of nobility of this Earl Patrick has not survived, but a record exists of the creation of a Geoffrey de Magnaville as Earl of Essex on the same day, which runs thus: "I, Matilda, the daughter of King Henry, Mistress of the Angles, give and grant to Geoffrey de Magnaville for his service, and to his heirs after him, hereditary, the Earldom of Essex, and that he have the third peny of the Sheriff's Court issuing out of all pleas, as an Earl ought to receive from his county in all things." Hence we may safely infer that a similar substantial benefit went with the title of Earl of Salisbury.

Patrick, after a stormy life, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and returned only to be murdered by Guy de Lusignan, leaving a son by his second wife, Ela of Ponthieu, who became a great friend of Prince Richard of the Lion Heart. This William, Earl of Salisbury, died without male issue, and because the earldom was held to be an "indivisible fief," the eldest of his three daughters, then only nine years of age, was considered sole heiress.

The little girl was named after her grandmother of Ponthieu, Ela. The Countess Dowager, Alinor de Vitri, fearing the avarice and ambition of the child's relatives, and the lawlessness common among barons at the end of the twelfth century, conveyed her daughter to Normandy, where she was brought up in retirement and great secrecy.

After the accession of Earl William's friend Richard to the throne, the King remembered the heiress of Salisbury, and despatched William Talbot, an "English knight," to seek her. Well suited to the romantic times of Cœur de Lion was the quest for Dame Ela. Surely the Royal minstrel himself may not have disdained to sing how the knight sought this lady for two years in vain, hither and thither in France and Normandy, until at last he gained a clue to her whereabouts,

and disguised as a minstrel obtained access to her dwelling. One almost expects a second story of Lancelot and Guinevere, but no hint of it has come down. The Talbot knight conducted her safely to England, and King Richard bestowed the hand of his old friend's daughter upon his half-brother, the gallant William Longsword, together with all her possessions, the custody of Sarum Castle, and the office of Sheriff of Wilts.

Here, then, in Old Sarum Castle, lived Countess Ela, a very great lady, in princely fashion, surrounded with the retainers, men-at-arms, knights and squires of her husband, in the outer courts, and caring for the education of her gentlewomen, maidens, and children within. In considering the life of a medieval chatelaine, one is reminded of King Solomon's description of a virtuous woman: "The heart of her husband trusteth her. . . . She hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. . . . She hath risen in the night and given prey to her household. . . . She hath considered a field and bought it, with the fruit of her hands she hath planted a vineyard. She hath girded her loins with strength and hath strengthened her arms. . . . Her traffic is good. . . . She hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have token hold of the spindle. She hath opened her hand to the needy and . . . to the poor. She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow; for all her domestics are clothed with double garments. She hath made for herself clothing of tapestry; fine linen and purple is her covering. Her husband is honourable in the gates, where he sitteth among the senators of the land."

No namby-pamby women of the Lydia Languish type were bred in the stern fortresses of the middle ages. Dame Ela carried an illuminated Missal to her devotions in the morning, acting up throughout the day to the Church's ideal, set forth in the Mass for a woman neither a virgin or martyr, so far as in her lay. In these days, during the absence of their lords, women governed their estates, undertook expeditions, withstood the attacks of invading enemies, personally directing the defence of their castles, aided by their women, who prepared the boiling oil and pitch to be poured upon the foes without the walls. In the reports of legal courts, cases have survived in which not only men, but women also, claimed the right of taking ransom from and delivering persons condemned to death upon their estates, together with the "right of gallows," on the plea that

their ancestors had possessed the land upon the same terms, defying the King's objections to their yielding such power, on the ground that others "had held the said manor in all points like as aforesaid without this thing being ever severed from the manor, either in the Hundred Court or the County Court."

Hence we may picture Countess Ela a busy woman, while her husband was Warden of the Marshes, and a friend to King John, as we all know, so long as an honourable gentleman could be loyal to such a scamp and coward. Longsword did not desert his half-brother during the Interdict, was party to placing the kingdom under the Pope's protection, and though he eventually grew disgusted with John, Henry III., during his minority, had no firmer supporter than his uncle of Salisbury. In the muniment-room of Salisbury Cathedral a contemporary copy of Magna Charta, given into the care of William Longsword, is preserved, and shows signs of having once had official seals attached to it.

Ela, one can imagine, would quote her friend good Bishop Poor, and admonish her handmaidens upon the duty of diligence: "Be never idle, for the fiend immediately offers his work to her who is not diligent, . . . and he beginneth directly to talk to her. For while he seeth her busy, he thinketh thus: It would avail nothing if I were now to accost her, nor would she take time to listen to my teaching. . . . Iron that lieth still soon gathereth rust, and water that is not stirred soon stinketh."

Indeed, the regulations for the anchoresses' servants might well be applied to those of the Countess. "Let them be obedient to their dame in all things, sin only excepted. . . . They must not let men in, nor must the younger speak with any man without leave." "Let her have ears always open to her mistress . . . and do the work that she is commanded to do, without grudging."

And they are not to gossip or "carry to their mistress idle tales, or new tidings," or carry such from her abroad.

A piece of good advice to a mistress, of necessity much thrown upon the society of her women within the walls of her castle, is that she is "never again to upbraid her (servant) for the same fault, when vexed, but drive it entirely out of her heart." "And if any strife ariseth between the women," the mistress is to see that they be reconciled and "finally kiss each other."

"Be ye well assured, this is a thing most pleasing to God—peace and concord—and most hateful to the fiend, and therefore he is always endeavouring to stir up some strife. Now the devil seeth well that when the fire is fairly blazing, and men wish it to go out, they separate the brands; and he doth, in regard to this, just the same thing. Love is Jesus Christ's fire, which He would have to burn in our hearts, and the devil bloweth that he may puff it out; and when his blowing is of no avail, he then bringeth some insulting word, or some mark of contempt, whereby they are repelled from each other, and the flame of the Holy Spirit is quenched, when the brands, through anger, are sundered." Might not this quaint reasoning and simple illustration have come from the pen and the heart of the saintly Bishop of Geneva himself?

Human nature is very catholic. Flirtations doubtless went on between Ela's ladies and her husband's knights. Such an admonition as this may have been unpalatable to some fair-haired girl, bending her head over her tapestry-frame to hide her blushes: "Whoso is wise and good, let her be on her guard against the shooting of arrows of the light eyes, that fly lightly forth like a feathered arrow and stick in the heart. . . . And is she not too forward or too fool-hardy who holds her head boldly forth in the open battlements, while men with cross-bow bolts" are without?

In the year 1224, Longespée went to Gascony upon a military expedition, taking with him his young nephew, Richard of Cornwall, afterwards King of the Romans, and whose personality, together with that of his wife Cynthia, is so well known to us by the vivid pictures of them drawn by the pen of Matthew Paris. Returning home, a storm in the Bay of Biscay drove Longsword's ship on the Isle de Rhi, where, fortunately for the Earl, a friendly Cistercian Abbot gave him shelter. The rank of the shipwrecked fugitive becoming known, he was once more compelled to set sail however, and for several months, in a manner as incomprehensible to us as the wanderings of Odysseus, the Earl of Salisbury was tossed about at the mercy of winds and waves, until a rumour spread abroad in England that he had perished.

Believing Dame Ela to be a widow, Hubert de Burgh sent to request the honour of her hand. His messenger was not favourably received by the Countess, who answered her suitor without any Penelope-like circumlocution: "Tell him," said the

angry lady, "that I have this day received news of the safety of the Earl, my husband, and, even if he had unfortunately perished, such an unworthy suitor must have sued in vain."

It was on Sunday, the first after Epiphany, Jan. 10th, 1225, that the Earl reached home. His first act was to pay a visit to the Cathedral to return thanks for his safety. He arrived just after None, the clergy meeting him in procession to welcome their pious neighbour. Only one day was given to his wife, and then the irritated Earl of Salisbury reported himself to the King at Marlborough, and straightway lodged a complaint against the Justiciary for his infamous conduct, threatening to embroil the kingdom if justice were not done him. Longsword was too powerful a man for the favourite to withstand, so Hubert confessed his fault, offered the offended husband large gifts, and, after a feigned reconciliation, invited him to a banquet. It is not well to believe all the stories of poison reported by historians of the middle ages, but certain it is that William Longsword returned to his wife at Sarum, from Hubert de Burgh's feast, a death-doomed man.

He lingered a few weeks, settling his worldly and spiritual affairs, and when Bishop Poor brought him the Viaticum, he rose from his bed, and with noose round his neck prostrated himself on the floor before the Host, and in this lowly posture was shriven and houselled in preparation for his last journey. He lived a few days longer, "which he spent," says the old chronicler, "in acts of the greatest penitence, and then yielded up his soul into the hands of his Creator." His was the first body buried in the new Cathedral. Matthew Paris relates that the lighted candles carried in the funeral procession burned all the way from the Castle to the Cathedral, in the midst of showers of rain and gusts of wind. William de Wanda, however, who was present, says simply that the Earl's body was borne with sighs and tears to New Sarum, on the day of his death, at exactly the same hour, as eight weeks before he had been welcomed there in triumph. At his Requiem three Bishops were present to perform the absolutions, and laymen of high degree also assisted at the function.

After the death of her husband, Countess Ela "mingled sadly and reluctantly with the world for a few years." In 1228 she lost her friend the Bishop, who was transferred by a Papal Decree of that year to the see of Durham, but she lived in the Castle of Salisbury, and executed the office of Sheriff of Wilts

by deputy, until 1238, a year after the Bishop's death, when she retired to a nunnery she founded at Lacock. Here she took the habit, and was elected Abbess in 1240, when fifty-three years of age. The convent was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, her deceased husband's "chosen patroness," and was no doubt founded for the welfare of his soul.

The curious fate of Ela's eldest son, that "mirror of chivalry," and valiant chief of Crusaders, to whom a memorial tomb of great beauty will be found in the Cathedral, is interesting. As the earldom of Salisbury was vested in Ela, and as he died before his mother, he never was Earl, though he is sometimes called so. During his father's lifetime he had fought against the Welsh. He was "signed with the Cross" and knighted in 1233. His wife was Idonea, daughter and heiress of Richard de Cainville. He himself was poor, though he was the companion of kings and princes. He went on one pilgrimage with his cousin, Richard of Cornwall, in 1240, and upon his return, in 1243, was granted a pension of sixty marks, until the question of the Salisbury earldom should be decided by the Court. He seems to have had a great devotion for the rescue of the Holy Places, for, in 1247, he left England to join St. Louis' Crusade, and from his complaint to the Pope, *en route*, we learn something of his character as well as his circumstances.

"You see I am signed with the Cross, and am on my journey with the King of France, to fight in this pilgrimage. I bear a great name, William Longespée, but my means are small; for the King of England, my liege lord, hath bereft me of the title of Earl, and of that estate. This, however, he did, judicially, not by his own will, and I blame him not. But I am necessitated to have recourse to your Holiness for your favour and assistance. See, here, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who is not signed with the Cross, yet, through the grace of Your Holiness, he has obtained much money from those who are. I, therefore, who am signed, and in want, desire the like favour."

The Roman Court, pleased with his frank address and comeliness of person, granted his request for aid, ordering one thousand marks to be contributed by his fellow-Crusaders for the maintenance of the gallant young noble.

The preliminary arrangements made, in 1249 William went to Lacock to receive his mother's last blessing, and departed upon the ill-fated expedition. He greatly distinguished himself

by his valour, rousing the jealousy of his French comrades, but was persuaded by them to leave his friends the Knights Templars and Hospitallers at Acre, whither he had retired to wait reinforcements from his own country, and near the Thafuis conjunction with the Nile, the French were surprised and surrounded by Saracens. Urged to fly from the useless battle, William exclaimed, "God forbid that a son of my father should fly before a Saracen! I would rather die happily than live unhappily!" He fell, with his standard-bearer, Robert de Vere, but the enemy so admired his courage that when, in 1252, messengers were sent to negotiate the redemption of captives, Matthew Paris tells us they were so struck by what the Sultan told them of young William, that they demanded and received his body, which was taken to Acre and buried in the Church of Holy Rood.

To Matthew Paris we are indebted for a report of the Sultan's speech to the messengers. "I wonder that you Christians who reverence the bones of the dead, do not inquire for those of William Longespée. There are many things reported of them, whether fabulous or true, I know not. It is said that, in the darkness of the night, appearances have been seen at his tomb, and that those who call upon his God have obtained many favours from Heaven. In consideration of this, and of his nobility, I have caused him to be honourably interred." And the same historian, with characteristic love of the marvellous, relates how "the night before his death, his mother, Ela, saw in a vision the heavens open, and her son armed at all points, whom she recognized by his shield, received with joy by the angels. Astonished, she asked, 'Who is this so honoured?' A voice replied, 'Know you not your son William and his armour?' She said, 'Yes.' The voice answered, 'It is he, whom his mother now beholds.' She remembered the time, and about six months after, when the news of his death arrived, she not only heard it without surprise, but lifting up her hands, exclaimed, 'I, the handmaid, give thee thanks, O Lord, that out of my sinful flesh, Thou hast caused such a champion against Thine enemies to be born.'"

One may suppose the Cathedral is indebted to the Abbess Ela for the mail-coated, cross-legged figure of William the Crusader, and it is probable also that the same lady provided the memorial to Robert de Vere, her son's standard-bearer, which is in Sudborough Church.

Ela reigned as Abbess of Lacock for eighteen years, and then resigning her charge, lived on in feeble health until 1263. How much respected this family was, one may gather from the Indulgences granted by so many Bishops to those who should pray for the repose of their souls; the Bishops of Winchester, Bath and Wells, Landaff, Chichester, Lichfield, and the Archbishop of Dublin continued to remember the good Earl, and as late as 1327 a Bishop of Salisbury granted a fresh Indulgence of forty days for prayers said at his tomb.

The memory of Bishop Poor and his work are held in benediction also at Durham, where he ruled about ten years; "he was," says Godwin, "a man of rare learning in those times, and of notable integrity for his life and conversation." It seems fitting that the humble author of the *Ancren Riwe* should return to his native place to die, and at the risk of quoting a passage already quite familiar to the reader, we venture, for its beauty's sake, to transcribe Matthew Paris' account of his end.

"Perceiving that the time was at hand when he must leave this world, he assembled the people and addressed them in a very impressive and edifying discourse, telling them that he felt his death was near. On the morrow, when his illness was increased, he renewed his exhortations to them and bade them all farewell, asking their forgiveness, if he had offended any of them. On the third day he sent for his domestics and retainers, and distributed gifts among them according to their merit, calmly and deliberately settled his worldly affairs, and took leave of his friends one by one; when, it being the hour of Compline, he joined in the prayers, and while pronouncing the verse, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep,' he fell asleep in the Lord."

His spiritual children in the north, hearing the story, doubtless called to mind a companion picture of a holy death-bed, painted by their beloved patron, the gentle St. Bede; Countess Ela of Salisbury added another link in the chain which bound her to Heaven; and who in nineteenth century England, thinking on the closing scenes in the lives of Cademon, Bishop Poor, William Longsword and his brave son, does not thank God for the possession of their Faith, and cry, "Let my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to them."

The Imagination: its Nature, Uses, and Abuses.

[The following paper, by the late Miss Drane—in Religion, Mother Francis Raphael, of the Order of St. Dominic—was written in response to a request for something from her pen, to be read before, "The Literary Department of the World's Congress Auxiliary, held at Chicago, in 1893." It was privately printed at the time, and has now been placed at our disposal by the Superiors of the Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena, at Stone.—ED.]

NEVER was there an age that stood in greater need of the healthy ministry of the Imagination than that in which we live. Many a fair province over which that faculty once reigned supreme has been invaded and conquered by the irresistible demands of our modern civilization. Everywhere we see a work going on which seems destructive of all on which the Imagination is wont to feed. The mountains with their "spectral glaciers" over which our fathers climbed, bearing aloft the banner *Excelsior*, are now pierced with tunnels through which we rush in hideous darkness; our lonely mountain lakes are dammed up and converted into reservoirs for the water supply of crowded cities; Niagara itself bids fair to fall into the hands of speculators who reckon on extracting from its torrent of waters a profitable store of electric force; whilst in the inner life of thought and feeling our habits of pitiless analysis shrink not from picking to pieces every mystery that was once the refuge of fancy or of faith.

Yet, in spite of the fierce struggle everywhere going on between the material and the immaterial, in the long run the immaterial is sure to conquer. Driven as she is from one ancient stronghold after another, the Imagination often enough revenges herself on her foes, and in her turn subdues them to her sway. For the mind will always vindicate its supremacy over brute matter, and does so even when it seems to be worsted in the conflict. The railway cuttings whose unsightly trenches disfigure so many a mile of smiling country are in

a few years seized by the hand of Nature, that bounteous Mother who clothes their banks with a wealth of floral beauty, bestowing on them new charms in place of those they have destroyed. And in like manner our mechanical and commercial triumphs are not seldom compelled to pay tribute to the power of the Imagination. Calling to mind the wonders wrought by the steam-engine, Leigh Hunt hesitated not to call it "the most poetical bit of science." The boast which even the greatest of our poets only ventured to put into the mouth of a fairy, that he would

Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes,

has been realized by the Electric Telegraph. And sixty years ago another poet, only recently departed, sang of an ideal future, wherein he

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight drooping down with costly bales,
When the war drum beat no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.¹

Could he have lived to see that which is now passing under our eyes—this mighty Congress that claims to represent the art, the science, the thought and the labour of every nation under heaven—he might well think that the dream of his early youth promised to be accomplished, and that a new and happier era was about to open on the world.

Let civilization, then, do its utmost in the material order, the human mind, with all its countless gifts and faculties, will always hold the supremacy. It possesses a master strength compared to which that of steam-engines and voltaic batteries show but as puny failures. And among the most powerful of these faculties we are bound to give a foremost place to the Imagination. The few rare souls in every century who possess it in its higher grades wield a sovereignty over their age which bears with it no light responsibility. It is a grave thing to hold power of any kind over millions of our fellow-beings, far graver if the power be exercised over their minds than over their bodies. The most frightful catastrophes of a material kind are limited in their effects both as to time and space; but the influence of a master-mind, whether for good or evil, cannot be so circumscribed. The ruin wrought by an eruption of Krakatoa, or an earthquake of Lisbon, takes but a year or two

¹ Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

to efface, whilst the mental and moral revolution brought about by a Voltaire or a Rousseau lasts for centuries.

It is not, however, on exceptionally gifted minds alone that the responsibility weighs of rightly directing the mighty engines of the imaginative and intellectual powers. In a greater or less degree such faculties are possessed by all, in virtue of their human nature; and it is of the highest importance that we should understand the true nature of these powers, and the purpose for which they were given. Confining ourselves in the present instance to the faculty of the Imagination, we must, in the first place, try to form a just idea of its true nature, a subject on which much popular misconception prevails, and one which, rightly understood, throws great light both on its uses and its dangers. Although we necessarily number the Imagination among our mental gifts, yet to be perfectly accurate, in considering its nature and origin, it is to be regarded less as an *intellectual faculty* than as an *internal sense*. It combines, indeed, with many intellectual operations, but in itself it is more closely allied to the Memory than either to the Will or the Understanding, though capable of being directed and controlled by both. It is properly defined as an *internal power of the sensuous order*.¹ For it must be borne in mind that we have internal as well as external senses, and that the two classes of sense stand in no very distant relation with one another. Among these internal senses the Imagination holds an important place. It finds its materials among what St. Augustine calls "the spacious fields and vast palaces of the memory, wherein are treasured up numberless forms and images conveyed in thither from such things as are perceived by the senses."² Out of these images it frames its pictures, not indeed by the simple reproduction of memory, but by the power it possesses of combining them into fresh forms, and of augmenting, diminishing, or varying the images originally derived from the

¹ Aristotle's view of the Imagination is, that it is a faculty of a sensuous character, but distinct both from external sense and from intellect. This view is adopted by St. Thomas, and expounded in his Commentary on Aristotle. (*De Anima*, lib. iii. §§ 4, 5, 6.) Suarez (*De Anima*, lib. iii. ch. xxx.) defines the Imagination as "an interior sense, capable of knowing exterior sensible things in their absence."

² St. Augustine, *Conf.* bk. x. c. viii. "Phantasy or imagination," says St. Thomas, (*Sum. Theol.* Pars prima, q. lxxviii. art. 4.) "is, as it were, a storehouse of forms received through sense." In the same article he numbers the Imagination among the four interior powers belonging to the sensitive part of the soul, the other three being Common Sense, Judgment, and Memory.

senses. Thus, drawing from the storehouse of memory its raw materials, the Imagination so deals with them as to fashion what seem to be, and in some sort are, original concepts, so that in common parlance we speak of its *creative* power. As a fact, however, the Imagination never really creates. To create is to call into being something out of nothing, and the sublimest fancy can only work on materials supplied by memory. Thus it is most accurate to call the Imagination "the child of sense," and most useful to keep in mind its true parentage. It is evident that it stands on an indefinitely lower level than the Reason, over which it has no kind of right to claim control, but to which it is bound to act in strict subordination. The forms, whether of the artist or the poet, were drawn in the first instance from the phantasms of sense, cast into the wondrous laboratory of the Imagination, whence issue those works which hold the world enthralled. On those forms, supplied by the memory, the Imagination broods till it *transforms* them. Stand before a picture of Claude Lorrain's, and ask yourself if the eye of man ever rested on such a combination of varied beauties as you there behold. Yet the artist was only drawing out of his storehouse the images of things really seen and remembered, blending them together and augmenting their charms till they seem to glow in "the light that never was on sea or land."

In saying this it is by no means intended to represent the Imagination as merely receiving and reproducing the images of sensible things as a photographic plate might do. This would be to ignore its power of painting and embellishing. Even if it did no more than this, we must remember that photographic plates are not all equally sensitive, and whilst one will give us but a blurred semblance of the nearest objects, another will gather up the rays that travel to us from far distant spheres, and reveal the existence of worlds undetected by the most powerful telescope. So it is with the Imagination. It is, as we have seen, *an internal sense*, and one that has a close analogy to the sense of sight. Not all eyes are skilled to detect what lies even in the visible things around them. The poet or the artist will see beauties which might make no impression at all on the senses of a mere man of business. Cardinal Newman has touched on this subject in an exquisite passage in one of his University Lectures, where, speaking of Athens as the fit site for a University, he contrasts the sentiments which the scenery and climate of Attica might rouse in the mind of some agent of

a London Company with those which would be called forth in one possessed of that keener insight which the Imagination bestows. The man of the counting-house would see only a rocky promontory, where the hills were limestone and the pastures not particularly good; plenty of marble, figs fair, oil first-rate. But he would not think of reporting to his employers these delicate traits of form and colouring that make up the real beauty of the picture; the soft harmonious tints of the marble, the graceful outline of the jutting crags with those violet billows beating at their base, into silvery spray. For an appreciation of these things we must turn to some pilgrim student, who has come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth as to a shrine, where he may take his fill of gazing at what to him are the emblems of invisible perfection.

This passage illustrates aptly enough that power of *insight* which belongs to the Imagination, by which, to quote the words of a great poet, "it lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects to be as if they were not familiar."¹ It is an insight which beholds not only the exterior beauty, but that interior perfection which all beauty symbolizes; and which awakens in those who discern it, hidden away under the commonest forms, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." More than this, by its touch it can ennoble the humblest things. It can surround us with beings purer, stronger, and more beautiful than have ever really walked and lived on earth, and it can waken within us sympathies with noble ideals which have slumbered unconsciously within us. But those ideals it has not *created*: they are but the personification of that sense of the True, the Just, and the Beautiful which is planted deep down in every human heart, needing only the touch of the enchanter's wand to reveal to us its presence.

This observation brings us at once to the subject which we have most at heart to elucidate, namely, the *uses* of the Imagination, which are many and various, and by no means all of equal dignity. If some of them are directed to no higher object than our recreation and amusement, they are not on that account to be held in contempt. In a world where man is required to labour in the sweat of his brow, life without recreation would differ but little from a gigantic treadmill. To a sadly large portion of our fellow-beings this would be but too true a picture of their daily existence; and hence the imperious

¹ Shelley's *Essays and Letters*, vol. i. p. 16.

necessity which arises of amusement of some kind, creating a demand often enough supplied by what is basest and most degrading. Thus is explained the enormous power exercised by the drama, and by the literature of fiction. They help the mind to escape from its prison of wearisome solicitude into some fairy world, where for a brief space we can forget our actual surroundings, and cease to feel their friction.

Evidently, within due limits, to minister to such a need is not only harmless, but necessary. The mind has its hunger as well as the body, and those who feed the wants of either kind are to be counted as benefactors of their species. Only he who deals his bread to the hungry should be careful what kind of food he dispenses. Let it be frankly admitted that when people seek to be amused they do not always expect at the same time to be preached to, or instructed. The loaf of bread that we give to a starving man need not necessarily be made the medium for administering to him a dose of medicine. But, on the other hand, we must see well to it that it does not conceal a deleterious drug. Unhappily the majority of those into whose hands it falls to dispense our literature of amusement seem to seek how to make it convey the deadliest poison. Nor in literature alone, but in all the countless ways by which it is proposed to supply popular recreation, the Imagination is continually taxed to make us familiar with all that is vilest in human nature. That it has some special facilities for doing this will be readily understood if we recall what has been said of its real origin, and its connection with the things of sense ; and the fact, to which we have also adverted, that it does but call into visible shape the forms that lie stowed away in the lumber-room of every mind. In that mysterious inner chamber of the soul lurk the possibilities of every virtue and every vice. These latent powers may in a moment start into life if some touch of sympathy shall strike the electric chain. Such awakened sympathies may indeed, and often do, powerfully promote the cause of good ; but woe be to him who uses his gift only to rouse the dormant sympathy with evil !

The Imagination, however, has a far wider scope than is included in exercises of the nature above indicated. We have said that in itself it is not, accurately speaking, an intellectual faculty ;¹ but though this is true, it is equally certain that it

¹ That is, regarding the intellect as equivalent with the Reason or Understanding, from which in its own nature the Imagination is quite distinct.

blends with the operations of the intellect, and by so doing confers on them vastly increased power and keenness. No one will for a moment question that of the two faculties Reason is incomparably the nobler. Yet there are some forms of Truth and Beauty which the unassisted reason is slow to grasp, but which reveal themselves, as by a lightning flash, to the insight of the Imagination. It truly possesses "the vision and the faculty Divine." "The distinctive office of genius," says Dr. Channing, "is to discern more of Truth than is seen by ordinary minds." Thus, true to its nature as an internal sense, the Imagination lends its aid to faculties higher than itself, to be by them, in its turn, brought under subjection.

If it be asked, what is the subject-matter by excellence with which the Imagination is fitted to deal, the answer must undoubtedly be that it is the *Beautiful*, understanding that word to express the Beauty, not merely of exterior sense, but of any kind of perfection. Were things constituted in their right order, the two kinds of Beauty, exterior and interior, would never be divorced;¹ the one would be but the outer symbol of the other. When this world came forth from the hands of its Creator, and beholding it, He pronounced all that it contained to be very Good, it must also have been very Beautiful. And its beauteous forms must have been like the characters of a book in which all the attributes of its Divine Author were distinctly written. Even now, when these characters are blurred and partly obliterated, they are not wholly illegible. "The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen," says St. Paul, "being understood by the things that are made."² And in the human mind, however much overlaid by what is trivial and unworthy, there still exists a consciousness of much that belongs to Truth, Order, Justice, and Purity, and an instinctive sense of the interior Beauty which is associated with such ideas. These dim perceptions are derived from that higher nature which every man

¹ St. Thomas goes so far as to affirm that the Good and the Beautiful are really identical, and only mentally distinguished, inasmuch as we call a thing *Good*, as being the object of our appetite when we desire to possess it; whereas the *Beautiful* satisfies our appetite by its mere contemplation. In other words, the sense of Beauty is that which arises when the mere contemplation of a thing, apart from its possession, gives us pleasure. (*Sum.* I. q. v. a. iv. ad. 1.) It is probable, however, that to produce this effect the goodness of a thing must reach some degree of intensity; and Beauty is therefore rightly called "the *splendour* of goodness," as being that which shines forth out of what is good, when goodness attains to excellence.

² Romans i. 20.

possesses, however much obscured, to awaken and appeal to which is the aim and object of all true education. The work achieved by the real teachers of mankind is to reveal to us the truths of this higher nature, and to unveil its wondrous Beauty. "All really great thought," says Dr. Carpenter,¹ "tends to elevate human nature to its own level;" and the proper office of the Imagination, by presenting us with forms of Truth and Beauty, is thus to raise us out of what is base and sordid, and lift us to nobler things. In doing this it sometimes succeeds where the unaided reason fails; supplying us with what become to us the standards of ideal perfection.

Now, on the formation of our ideal standards how much of our real character depends! On the soul of the grown man will often be found impressed the likeness of his childish ideals. They are by no means necessarily drawn from the unreal world of fiction. "On the contrary, in by far the larger number of cases the objects of our early hero-worship have been the men and women of actual history who have left their "footprints on the sands of time"—an Alfred, a Bruce, a Maid of Orleans, or a St. Catherine. But these characters would never have been able to captivate our hearts had not the Imagination helped to place them before us as living realities; and we may number among the most legitimate exercises of this delightful faculty the power it possesses of breathing life into the dry bones of history, and thus enabling us to regard the great ones of past ages almost as familiar friends.

But we may go further than this, and claim for the Imagination a certain share in the formation of these characters themselves, and in the production of the acts that have immortalized them. No man ever accomplished a noble deed who had not long brooded over noble thoughts. It needed something more than a taste for geography to inspire Columbus with the daring dream which at last unveiled the mystery of the Western World. We sometimes attribute to profound reflection or a far-seeing policy events which were in reality due to emotions closely allied with the Imagination. Modern writers have come to discover many good and useful results brought about by the Crusades, with the direct object of which our age has but little sympathy. They checked the advance of the Moslem arms, they encouraged trade and shipping, and they introduced into Europe many Eastern luxuries. To none

¹ *Mental Physiology*, p. 505.

of these things, however, did they owe their origin, but to one generous impulse which thrilled through Christendom like a passion—the resolve to rescue from profanation the Sepulchre of One, beloved as more than Man. This mighty continent which spreads its dominion from sea to sea, and stands before the world as the very type of material progress, counts among the founders of its earliest states those who came in quest, not of gold, but of freedom; men who left their English homes not to open new fields of commercial enterprise, but to guard their faith; and whether they were Puritan or Catholic, history alike cherishes the memory of those whom America venerates as her Pilgrim Fathers. Did time and space allow we might multiply such illustrations of the mighty work which has been wrought in all ages by the power of Ideas; the pursuit it may be, of an Ideal Beauty, or fidelity to an Ideal Truth. By whatever name you call them, Faith, Patriotism, Fanaticism if you will, such ideas still claim their kinship with the immaterial, and bear witness to the sovereignty which principles, deeply coloured by the Imagination, have exercised in the history of the world.

That the immense power wielded by the faculty of which we speak has not always been put forth in the cause of good, must readily be allowed. If the proper office of the Imagination be to supply us with lofty ideals, and to clothe them with the Beauty which so powerfully attracts the heart, it must sorrowfully be admitted that it too often betrays its trust. Owing to its close connection with the sensitive part of our nature, the imagination shares with the senses their readiness to rebel. In dealing with the Beautiful, it has found out ways of effecting that divorce between spiritual and material Beauty which contradicts Nature, and violates her laws.

A writer, already quoted, shows how it fared with Athens when she took for her standard of education the love of the Beautiful, apart from the governance of the moral law. "The Athenians," says Cardinal Newman, "exercised influence by discarding restraint. . . . They professed to do right, not from any fear of the law or belief in the unseen, but because it was truly pleasant. . . . The result was very simple. If beautifulness was all that was needed to make a thing right, then nothing graceful or pleasant could be wrong; and since there is nothing but admits of being embellished and dressed up, it followed, as

a matter of course, that anything whatever was permitted. One sees at once that, taking men as they are, the Love of the Beautiful (thus understood) would be nothing short of the Love of the Sensual, nor is the anticipation falsified by the event ; for in Athens genius and voluptuousness went hand in hand."¹

The history of Imagination, could it be written, would show but too sorrowfully that this perversion of the right order of things was not confined to the Athenians, and that many, perhaps most of those who have received this gift in largest measure, have both in their lives and writings fallen far short of the ideal standard. It must ever remain a perplexing paradox how gifted minds, the object of whose study has by excellence been the Beautiful, can so often have consented to disfigure their fairest conceptions with hideous and revolting plague-spots : condescending to unveil, not the Beauty of Goodness, but the deformity of Vice. Or by a yet more dangerous artifice, they have sought to cover that deformity with a meretricious attractiveness, and, instead of appealing to the Higher Nature which it was their true mission to awaken, they have aimed only at rousing the baser passions of humanity, and lending them the powerful support of Art and Song.

But the faculties of the human soul are not limited in their exercise to the realm of literature or art. Wherever a human heart beats, or a rational human mind puts forth its energies, there is at work the complicated machinery of Reason, Will, Sense, and Imagination. It is a marvellous combination, needing that each faculty should be kept in its proper place, and made to do its proper work, under peril of the whole machine becoming involved in hopeless confusion. It is a mighty kingdom, where the ruling powers should be the Will, enlightened and guided by Reason. These two master powers of the soul are in themselves exclusively spiritual ; and so long as they hold the supremacy, and are themselves under the conduct of Divine Grace, the kingdom is at peace. In themselves they have no connection with the sensitive part of our nature, which they are meant to govern and command. It is the Imagination which brings them in contact with the things of sense, and thus is able to entangle with their birdlime the nobler faculties, and hold them captive. If the sovereign powers weakly abdicate, and allow the low-born favourite to rule, where it should be compelled to obey, there is no limit to the disorder that ensues.

¹ *Lectures on the Nature of a University.*

There is not a vice which the Imagination cannot paint as a virtue ; not a delusion of self-love that it cannot disguise ; not a weakness that it cannot foster ; not a falsehood that it cannot dress up as a truth. Closely linked as it is with our sensitive nature, it refers all things to the test of *feeling*, and where feeling rules law and reason have to give way.

It is this exceeding complexity of our nature which makes self-knowledge and self-government of such supreme importance. And in the work of education a right comprehension of this complex machinery, and of the inter-action of its several parts, is as essential as is a knowledge of the construction of some powerful engine to him who has to work it. In these few pages we can do no more than indicate the importance of such a study to those whose business it is to train minds and form characters. In this work it must never be forgotten that the first object to be aimed at is the education of the Will. Of course the Will, being itself a blind power, has to receive its illumination from the Reason or Understanding, and in this sense a certain cultivation of the Understanding must come first, in order that the Will may be rightly directed. But though Reason gives the light, it is the Will alone that must command. At the best, we can do no more than inform the Understanding with right principles and true theories ; but theories alone, however sound, will not secure right action. Theories do not give us the habit of resistance, and on the degree in which we possess that habit our whole destiny for good or evil may depend. It is to the strength of the Will alone, directed by Reason and supported by Divine Grace, that we must look for the power of resisting the many temptations by which our nature is beset. Now nothing is more certain than that a disproportionate preponderance of the Imagination tends almost infallibly to weaken the Will. It does so by bringing it more and more under the influence of Sense ; until at last the Will loses the power of resisting what is attractive and pleasurable, and for all practical purposes becomes, as it were, paralyzed. Not that a man ever really loses his free-will, but that by the habit of yielding, that power by which all our other powers should be governed becomes too weak to break the fetters of evil habits, so that in common parlance we speak of such a one as the slave of his passions, or, to use the language of St. Paul, he is "made captive to the law of sin."¹

¹ Romans vii. 23.

The strengthening of the Will, then, rightly directed by the light of Reason,¹ and the establishment of its sovereignty over the other powers of the soul, must ever be insisted on as the foundation of all moral education. What, then, can be said of the tendency of those many modern systems of philosophy which, differing one from another on a thousand other points, make common cause in denying the freedom of the Will? Thus the only barrier which can fence us from the attacks of our deadly foes is broken down, and the soul is left abandoned to the empire of its sensitive nature. Sense and Imagination reign in the place of Reason; and Inclination, disguised under some specious form, is recognized as the only law.

It is obvious that the dangers of the Imagination, on which we have briefly touched, arise only when this faculty is allowed to assume undue proportions, and to wander out of its proper place. For in Order and Proportion is to be found the very secret of Beauty itself. Restore to the Imagination these two conditions, and it becomes at once the powerful ally of all that is noblest in our nature. It will lend its aid not merely to beautify, but to exalt. In an age too widely given up to the pursuit of worldly gain it will lead us by its charms to seek after better things, and awakening those higher instincts of whose existence within us we are perhaps dimly conscious, it will teach us to believe in, possibly even to aspire after, some forms of the heroic life. So to direct this glorious gift as to fit it for its rightful work and purpose is one of the duties laid on those who accept the task of Education. May all such as hold that momentous office be faithful to the trust it imposes on them!

¹ The distinction is important, for it is evident that there may be a perverted Will not guided by Reason, but moved by the baser passions, in which case its sovereignty can only lead to disaster. What we commonly call *Self-will* is the Will acting under the guidance not of Reason, but of some form of Self-love.

In Acadia.

L'ACADIE is, in the minds of most people, an obscure region lying somewhere on the shores of the Atlantic provinces of British North America; a region upon whose story there fell an early blight and whose name lives only in the lines of a doleful Epic.

It is generally known, however, that, nearly a century and a half ago (1758), history, in one of her brigand moods, turned aside from a course of brilliant achievement to do a deed of havoc in that lonely land. The work accomplished, a cold and cruel shroud was thrown over the pitiful scene. History then retired from it in silence—ashamed of her work—and resumed her royal road.

At length the avenging angel of song brooded over the forgotten scene. In our own day the most tender and artless of modern bards revived its memory, and wreaked mild justice on the destroyers of its gentle race. He won his poet's crown when he wove a cypress wreath for the brow of Acadie and moved a world to tears over the sorrows of Evangeline.

This is the popular, but by no means correct, idea of the history and fate of this land and people. The mourner over Longfellow's sweet but dismal dirge must submit, without regret be it hoped, to have his sentimental fabric demolished by the rude record of fact. L'Acadie enjoys to-day not only the peaceful charm of bygone times, but a far more robust and promising existence. She has spread her boundaries far beyond "the Shores of the Basin of Minas." She has multiplied happy homes in centres far removed from "the beautiful village of Grand Prè." That village itself still nestles in the blooming Valley of Annapolis, or rather is spread out upon its extensive landscape in clusters of cottages, and in isolated dwellings, now, as of yore, "the homes of Acadian farmers."¹ Longfellow

¹ The whole valley lying behind the western shore of Nova Scotia is called Annapolis Valley, from the town of Annapolis, situated midway on the coast line, on a river of the same name, navigable for seventy miles. The town was established by

therefore sacrificed truth to poetry and pathos, when he sang that—

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Prè,
and that—

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land, to die in its bosom.

Indeed the stirring appeal of the poet in his *Psalm of Life*, rather than the mournful wail of his *Evangeline*, is what *Acadia rediviva* responds to at this moment. She grows sturdily, and has resolutely set herself to

Act in the living present,
Hearts within and God o'erhead.

This paper is a record of personal observation of the Acadie of the present day, had during more than one visit to that charming land and people. It is written also for a practical purpose: to direct thither, if may be, the attention of individuals and societies engaged in the work of Catholic emigration. I hope to show that the yet largely unoccupied lands that lie spread all along and behind the coast lines of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick offer special inducements to the Catholic emigrant from this country. For young Catholics this region presents attractions that should weigh far more with them than the dazzling prospective of the distant "burning West."

First, then, as to the actual topography of Acadie. It is not confined to-day (nor was it, I opine, when Colonel Winslow ordered its evacuation in 1758), to "the Basin of Minas," or to the "village of Grand Prè," or even to the whole Valley of Annapolis. It comprised all Nova Scotia, once called Acadie, but is now referred more particularly to the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy.¹ However, since the Acadian race is found largely represented all along the western, or New Brunswick, shore of that bay, north to the magnificent Bay Chaleur in the St. Lawrence Gulf, we may attribute the name to the whole

the French in 1604, as their chief place and stronghold before the British occupation. By the French it was called Port Royal. When the country was ceded to England in 1713, the town got from them the name of Annapolis, in honour of Queen Anne, then reigning. It remained the capital of Nova Scotia until 1750, when Halifax, the present capital, was founded. Annapolis is the oldest city in North America.

¹ Bay of Fundy is a corruption from the French name *Baie Fondée*, so called by its first navigators on account of its almost fathomless depth. It is peculiar also for its tides which rise to a height of forty and even fifty feet, and for the grey mist which almost always covers it like an immense cloak.

of that coast line and its adjoining territory, extending about one hundred and fifty miles in Nova Scotia, and not less than two hundred and sixty in New Brunswick. Indeed the name Acadie should include also portions of Cape Breton and Prince Edward Islands, in both of which there are several Acadian settlements. But these are offshoots as it were, and separated by sea from the greater Acadia. Acadia, then, centres round the shores of the Bay of Fundy, which separates Nova Scotia from New Brunswick up to their point of junction northward in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Every man of French descent in all this region, if you ask him what he is, will answer, *Je suis Acadien*, which has a different meaning in his mind, and in reality, from the reply that you will receive as you approach Quebec, *Je suis Canadien Français*.¹

L'Acadie therefore, as we deal with it here, divides itself clearly and naturally into Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Acadie. We will visit each in order going from east to west.

I.

The most delightful, if not most prosperous, portion of Acadie lies in Nova Scotia, all along the Valley of Annapolis, but particularly round Bay St. Mary, a long estuary cut out from and running parallel to Fundy. The shore of this smaller bay is the very nucleus and nursery of Acadie. Slightly backward from the coast lie the neat white cottages of the fishermen-farmers, with front to the sea, sitting like sea-gulls on its edge, and for the self-same purpose as do the gulls, to appropriate what the sea stores up for them. Behind each farmhouse there is a large extent of cleared and well-cultivated ground, consisting of fields, orchards, and kitchen gardens, and yielding abundance of food for people and live stock. Behind these farm lands again is "the forest primeval," the glory of the whole scene, and the inexhaustible supply store of all the fuel and building material the Acadian requires. From its resources are constructed his house, barn, fences, and fishing-boats. At one time there was a large ship-building industry on this shore. But now iron is king. The tidy "fore and aft" schooner alone

¹ The Acadians and the Canadian-French are of the same northern French origin, but I believe the Breton element prevails most in Acadie, and the Norman least. However, what makes the Acadian repudiate the name of French-Canadian is that he hugs to his heart his special local history, with its older memories and deeper sorrows, in which the Canadians had no part. The language or dialect of each differs little. If anything it is purer and sweeter in Acadie.

now skims these seas. The dockyards are, for the most part, empty and in decay. Even the great "New Brunswicker," once so well known in the North Atlantic—a stately square rigged three-master—is now seldom seen ploughing these waters with shapely prow, and with long black hull loaded lengthwise within, from stem to stern, with colossal beams of timber. They have been succeeded by cheap, second-hand, Italian and Norwegian barques, bought in England after they had served their time according to English sailing standard. These come from the Mediterranean and the Baltic to St. John, to Miramichi, and Shediac, and carry back their lumber loads to various ports in the North and South Atlantic. But to return to land. All along through this great forest, which is at the back of Nova Scotian Acadie, there runs a branch line of the Intercolonial Railroad, joining Halifax with the extreme south-west point of the peninsula at Yarmouth. From this port to Boston is a run of only sixteen hours by a splendid line of steamers. Complaint is made that the railroad does not run close to the shore, and thus tap the Acadian villages on its route. But it is easy enough to reach a station, and the arrangement made by the railroad interest, whether it were made to despite the unenterprising and *un-English* Acadian or not, is to my mind an advantage and a blessing to their peaceful settlements. From Yarmouth the New England markets are thrown open to the produce of Acadie. Except for its manufactures, New England is a sterile waste as compared to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or any of the British maritime provinces. Even with the present protective tariff, the large cities of the Eastern States demand and consume all the fishery and farm produce these provinces can send them, and ask for more. When reciprocity shall rule—as it soon must—between the United States and British America, trade between both will reach unexampled proportions. Fast steamers and flotillas of fishing craft will ply incessantly in and around these silent bays, and wealth will flow in—a blessing or a curse, as may be—to the tranquil homes of Acadie.¹ Alas for poetry, peace, and plenty, with content, in these grim and griping days of ours! Eastward again this railroad reaches Halifax and the northern ports of Nova Scotia,

¹ As I write (August 14) news has come that the tariff war at Washington shows signs of abatement. Protective duties have been actually lowered by about fifteen per cent. Lumber is relieved from duty altogether, which means a new era for the timber trade of British North America.

whence all Acadian products are placed on the broad highway of the Atlantic, towards Europe. Thus this whole region, while secluded from the noisy world, is in a position to make use of that world's activities and resources.

Besides all kinds of vegetables and cereals, Annapolis Valley produces fruit in abundance. Its apples are considered the best in the world. Strawberries, stowed in neat wicker baskets, are exported in tons, and form the chief railway freight in the month of June, as I have myself seen. Pumpkins, melons, tomatoes, grow plentifully in the open air. Even the grape reaches perfection in appropriate places. The climate, either in winter or summer, is bright, temperate, and extremely salubrious. The neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy washing the frontage of this whole region, and of the opposite shore of New Brunswick, contributes much to its healthfulness and fertility. This great inland sea is mantled with a filmy fog, brooding like a spectre over its awful depths. Upon this mirage the land looks out from its sunshine and blesses its presence. It is no swampy exhalation, but a health-giving vapour whose presence is benignly felt on animal and vegetable life in its vicinity. It moderates the frosts of winter and refreshes the summer heats. It supplies the place of rain in drought, and acts as a kind of percolator in wet seasons, holding up the rain storm and causing it to fall gently on the soil. Whatever its composition, it lends to the Acadian complexion a healthy bronze colouring peculiarly its own, and it does no mischief whatever to lusty Acadian limbs and lungs. For some reason unknown to science this sea-fog is a fish charmer also, and any fisherman of Newfoundland or Nova Scotia will tell you that fog and fish are things correlative and concomitant always. Whether this fog, attracted landward and rarified by the sun, deposits fertilizing elements upon the soil, as some hold, I cannot presume to say. There is no doubt that the sea itself at one time covered great part of this valley, which it still penetrates by numerous coves, basins, and harbours. The trend of the bay also, from south-west to north-east, at which latter end it is closed by the broad Isthmus of Chignecto against the winter ice of the St. Lawrence Gulf and the cold Arctic current, contributes vastly towards mellowing the soil and climate of Acadie. Wind and tide both follow the direction of the shore line and bathe the whole region with warm sunshine and air currents from the south-west during great part of the year. Hence, the summer here, and all

through the Acadian country, is delightful. Nowhere in the world is found a more balmy yet invigorating temperature. The pine forests load the air with their fragrance, and the summer sea makes music to the ear and the heart. A wonderful calm pervades the spirit in this still solitude. The landscape lies cradled between sea and forest, as though smiling in its sleep, and seems as

If new created in all the freshness of childhood.

The jaded and cadaverous Yankee has long since discovered the elixir that blends with the air and scene of Acadie. At Yarmouth, Windsor, Digby, Annapolis, Weymouth, and all the bright hamlets that dot this coast, he is to be found, at rest for once, drawling and sprawling during the summertide. The Yankee sophomore and society girl, who is sensible enough to come here (and very many are) instead of wearing out her thin thread of life in the excitements of Newport and Saratoga, is sensible enough also to throw fashion to the Acadian winds. She roams unveiled by the shore and through meadow and woodland, and returns to Boston in "the fall" with the health and hue of a Pocahontas. Only those who have tried it can comprehend the miracle of rehabilitation effected by a change to happy Acadie from the malarial flats of Boston and the swamps of lower New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. Fever, and ague, catarrh, dyspepsia—all the familiar demons of Yankee life—fly before the wholesome influences that beget and sustain the hardy race of Acadie and of all those British maritime provinces.

To come to dry statistics—since we must not forget that we are considering this region as a desirable place for immigration—the whole area of Nova Scotia is 20,907 square miles, and its population 450,396. Of the whole area 5,000,000 acres are suitable for tillage, and 2,000,000 actually under cultivation. All the rest is woodland. Hay is the most important crop, amounting annually to about 600,000 tons. Vegetables and fruit of all kinds, including grapes, grow abundantly. The output of coal in 1892 was 1,942,780 tons. The return from gold mines in the last 30 years was £2,202,000. The fishery exports in 1892 were in value \$6,340,724, comprising cod, mackerel, herring, salmon, shad, and trout. Land may be had in the province on most favourable terms. Improved farms of 100 to 150 acres with house and buildings, from £100 to

£150. Crown lands are granted for £8 10s. per 100 acres and 1s. 10d. per acre for any additional quantity.

This should therefore be a land worth considering by the agents of emigration, and a splendid counterpoise could be made here to the Protestant packing system, in further Canada, of Dr. Barnardo and that ilk. However it were not well to introduce among the quiet and God-fearing Acadian population, any, even Catholics, who are not devoted to their religion and disposed to lead an orderly, industrious, and domestic life. I cannot say too much of the good qualities and good manners of this people. Along Annapolis Valley they have at present as pastors Irish priests exclusively, if we may except the Eudist Fathers lately imported from France by Archbishop O'Brien to found a College in this valley and serve the parish of Saulnier. Those Irish pastors are warm in commendation of their flocks, whose language, of course, they speak perfectly, and nothing could exceed the reverence and attachment shown the pastors in return. Father D—— told me that they have absolutely no trouble, scarcely occasion for admonition, with their gentle people. All that need be done is to let them have their own way as regards little religious observances, little curiosities of ritual, they have inherited from their fathers, and all goes smoothly. Strange to say, the French-Canadian pastors who preceded those now in occupation, failed with the people on this very point, insisting on changes and reforms that the simple people regarded as apostacy from their pious customs and traditions. They want a Requiem Mass, *sung*, every day in the week when it is practicable. This service is no burden. The sexton and server form the choir, sustained by the congregation, for all Acadians know plain chant. It is likewise one of the chief sources of the priest's revenue. Each family has also, laid aside, a gold piece of \$20 for each member of the household. This is never touched, for any consideration whatever, till death demands its toll. When a member of the family dies one of these gold coins is given to the priest for obsequies and funeral expenses. The women wear no gewgaws, but are all dressed plainly in dark brown kirtle of their own weaving, with a black shawl or mantilla, as head-dress. In church they sit together, and the stranger would be sure to take them for a Religious community, Franciscan Sisters most likely. Their dress though plain is clean, neat, and becoming. They are first-rate house-keepers and economists. The Acadians are as profoundly

reverent to their clergy as the Irish people at home. My first visit to Acadie was made in winter, and I drove in a sleigh twenty miles from Weymouth to the priest's house, wearing a helmet of beaver skin and muffled round the throat and face with fold upon fold of "comforter." I knocked at the hall door, not knowing that the back door, opening into the warm kitchen and winter sitting-room, is the grand entrance at that season. Soon a veiled female whom I took for a nun came round to the front, and in answer to my request in English for the priest, asked me, in Acadian, whether I were a priest myself. Being satisfied (in Acadian) on that point, I was at once escorted to the hospitable back door. The front one, no doubt, with its cold "parlour" inside, would have been my lot, had I belonged to a less privileged class. The priest was not at home, but his mother, a fine old Irish lady, was, and—so was I. When paying my driver I happened to ask his name, in Acadian-French, in which we had conversed all along the road after I had found he knew English very imperfectly, "McNeill, 'sieu," he replied, "And your father?" "Ah ç'etat Anglas ça."

The College established under the Eudist Fathers for the benefit of this people by the amiable and learned Archbishop O'Brien, who is deeply attached to them, is, I hear, thriving wonderfully. The College is intended for the purpose of giving their youth a sound commercial education. It is well provided also with English teachers, not only for the benefit of the Acadians proper, but for the many others of the McNeill class scattered along this shore. I found many young people of Irish patronymic throughout French-Canada who could not, or would not, speak English.

II.

New Brunswick Acadie is on the opposite side of the Bay of Fundy from Nova Scotia and comprises about 130 miles of the shore below and above Shediac, and the northern counties lying behind the coast line. This region has of course many thoroughly English towns and settlements scattered chiefly along the shore, but Acadia predominates. The soil and climate do not differ much from those of Nova Scotia. However a more sombre hue is perceptible in the sky and a greater degree of moisture in the soil. It is a noble country awaiting as yet the due development of its magnificent resources. It has been always, and is yet, the great timber yard of maritime British America. The River St. John flowing through the capital into

the Bay of Fundy, and the Miramichi River through the town of Chatham into the St. Lawrence Gulf, have been, since colonization began here, the conduits of an immense timber trade to the outlying world. This trade unhappily has largely fallen off, while ship-building, for which Miramichi was once famed, can scarce any longer be called an industry. The supply of timber from the interior is not so great, nor so good, as in former times. Forest fires have greatly thinned the centres of production. Maine, Oregon, and Western Canada, aided by an immense railroad system, have seized upon the markets once almost wholly controlled by Quebec and New Brunswick. Then the use of iron for ship-building, and so many other purposes for which wood was required in former days, has had its effect on this characteristic commerce of New Brunswick. Yet the timber trade, diminished though it be, is still the greatest source of revenue of this province. Even yet, in spite of iron, the wood supply of the world is scanty in proportion to the demand. Nothing to-day, except gold and coal, can vie in value with the product of the forest.¹

New Brunswick is a land of sombre lakes hidden away in the dark forest and of unseen whispering brooks that come out at length from their shady recesses and rush flashing into the sea. Its woodlands have the hue of old bronze inlaid with patches of red gold. Its meadows are wild and wide, and wave unceasingly, in wind or calm, their mantles of heavy grass. Quiet reigns all along these shores until you reach some fussy Anglo-Saxon settlement, priding itself in its smoke and fiercely struggling into manufacture. The area of the whole province is 28,200 square miles. Of this extent 4,471,250 acres are under, or cleared for, tillage.² The rest is forest land, which, as well as improved farms, may be had on most favourable terms as in Nova Scotia. The population of the province is 322,263, comprising Irish, English, Scotch, and their descendants, with Acadians and some Indians. The country to-day is very little affected by emigration. The great West swallows up, and soon digests, most of the bone and sinew of migratory Europe.

¹ New Brunswick is a forest land growing in abundance pine, spruce, cedar, beech, maple, hemlock, oak, birch, fir, larch, &c. The value of its timber exports annually is between five and six million dollars.

² The exact figures were, in 1891: Occupied land, 4,471,250 acres; improved land, 1,509,790 acres; land under crop, 1,018,704 acres; land in pasture, 779,607 acres; orchards and gardens, 11,479 acres. There remain about two-thirds of the country unoccupied and untilled.

The fisheries of New Brunswick yield very substantial increase to the resources of the farmer. This is an advantage that all these provinces possess over other American centres of immigration. With abundance of fish at their very doors, and flourishing meadow and garden lands all around, the colonist need never want for wholesome food in plenty. The markets of the United States are at hand. His smart fishing schooner makes him independent, if he choose, of the railroad, and wafts his produce almost as quickly as steam, to the ports of Maine and Massachusetts. The returns from the fisheries in New Brunswick in 1892 amounted to \$3,203,922, a nice sum for distribution among less than half a million of thriving farmers and lumber-men living on their own lands.

My sojourn in Acadian New Brunswick during the whole summer of 1892 was a delightful experience. I made my head-quarters with the hospitable Fathers of the Holy Cross, themselves Acadians, at their College of St. Joseph in Mimramcook, about eighty miles north of St. John and not far from the pleasant port and watering-place of Shediac, on the St. Laurence Gulf. Mimramcook is a rural village set in the very midst of wide-spreading farmlands, all held and tilled by Acadians. In fact it is the real capital of Acadian New Brunswick, its very heart, and the spot where one must dwell a while in order to know and esteem this gentle pious people as they deserve. If the stillness of life there become oppressive (what it never was to me), the rail runs through, North and South, to carry one to solemn St. John, or to aspiring Monckton, or quaint old Quebec, or to Boston, or San Francisco for that matter. But the railroad makes no impression on Mimramcook. It merely stops for a moment at a shed, which about twice a day it chooses to consider a station, and then rushes away with a valedictory scream from a scene of repose and peace so foreign to its objects and experiences. There is a tortuous river running through Mimramcook, flanked by tall reeds, and very turbulent and turgid. It drenches the neighbouring lands with alluvion, so that the hay crop here, when the flood subsides in the warm season, is of fabulous abundance and value. One side of this river is high land, and is surmounted by the handsome stone parish Church and College of St. Joseph with its adjoining convent, and farm-houses and surrounding lands. The other side is low and stretches away into the unseen distance speckled here and there with the cottages of the Acadian

farmers. It was college vacation while I was there, and the boys were all away at their homes in Canada and the States. But the tranquillity of the scene was varied by picnics, and fairs, and the celebration of the feast of *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the Patroness of all that is French in Canada. To all these scenes of enjoyment the whole population gathered, for there is community of spirit, and almost community of life, here between the Religious establishment on the hill and the farmer and his family in the valley. Nowhere else have I seen Catholic life, as it is in its true ideal, and as we picture it in the ages of faith, when each parish and petty fold was *Pastori suo grex coadunata, et sacerdoti suo populus adhærens*. The refined and gentle bearing of this people, the natural tact, and almost elegance, of the demeanour of the very humblest among them, are partly a heritage from their loyal Breton ancestors, but more, the fruit of their own local traditions and practices of honest pious life and of reverence for God, religion, and its ministers. Their ways are certainly better, in this respect, than the best of our ways, even in the very best of our Catholic centres. In all fashionable Philistia there is no counterpart to them, and, if their manner and habits of life indicate "backwardness," then I, for one, pray they may never go forward.

Mimramcook is not only the centre of the religious, but also of the political life of the Acadians. With all their quiet ways and subdued demeanour they are keen politicians and nearly all at one on the articles of their political creed. On the evening of St. Anne's day I had a grand opportunity of learning what that creed is. All the surrounding Acadian magnates came to the College on that day. Their Ottawa "Member" was there from Dorchester, close at hand, and from Shediac came a bevy of young lawyers, doctors, and political aspirants of all degrees. The whole population from the village and all the country around was gathered in the College grounds and packed closely round its grand portal and in the garden that fronts the same. It was a lovely evening in July. The "Member" spoke bareheaded before his admiring constituents from the "piazza" or raised platform of the College door-steps. He is a man of the race, a clever and a good man, in whom the people take pride and have full confidence. He spoke first in perfect French (it is a mistake to think that good French is not known or spoken by the Acadian, though he has a ruder form of speech for common use), then in excellent English.

The burthen of his stirring and eloquent address was this: "Love your country, your race, your customs and your noble tongue. Respect your neighbours of English race and language, and bear even with their prejudices and their self-sufficient, if not arrogant, attitude. They are energetic and lovers of progress, and promoters of prosperity in their own way, and you have something to learn from them without unlearning that better something which you possess. Be loyal and contented under the free Government and free laws that rule you. Though the glory and noble achievement of our race in this land have departed, much still remains to us of its customs and legislation and all of its best spirit. The Government of this Dominion is kindly and liberal towards us, much more so, perhaps, than would be one administered by our own land and race to-day." *Vive L'Acadie! Vive la Canada!* Then there were copious hurrahs, which do not come out well under the form of *Vive*. It is the mere lip service of our resounding English roar.

We donned a rosette, a pretty trifle in *tricolor*, but made in the form of a cross set in a circlet of white. This is the Acadian religious and patriotic badge. It was fastened on each one's breast by one of a band of pious ladies (who were also of a practical turn of mind), for the consideration of ten cents to be expended in decorations and furniture for the altar. I was sorry to observe that a few of the *Anglais* among the crowd, who, to make the matter worse, were Irish, refused to put on this decoration. Let me here digress briefly upon the relations existing between the two great Celto-Catholic branches in Acadie and Canada at large. I have already aired my views on this matter very fully in another Catholic magazine, but they need repetition.¹ The Irish Catholic in Canada generally does not coalesce in anything—not even in religion in its exterior celebrations—with the French-Canadian Catholic. Why this should be between two peoples so nearly connected by race, temperament, and above all by a common faith, and who are a common object of hostility on this account of sects and parties that have no other bond of union, is more than I understand, or wish to understand. I cannot enter here on the pretexts advanced to explain this anomaly. It may be a disadvantage, but it is certainly no dishonour, to the Acadian that he has preserved the language and the best customs and traditions of

¹ See "Canadian Sketches" in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for November, 1887, and January, 1890. There I treated of Canada proper, not of Acadie at all.

his motherland and that he obstinately adheres to them. But, if it be a benefit, it is no additional honour to the Irish race to have lost its language with much that that loss implies. Yet, forsooth diversity of tongue—or rather the fact that one popular element speaks its own national language while the other knows only that of the dominant race—is made a claim of superiority by the latter, and is the all-powerful weapon in the hands of their common foe to separate and array them against each other! Are they not rather worthy of regard (from this point of view at least), who had the loyalty and steadfastness of character to maintain their position and cling to the evidences of their proud descent in the midst of vulgar revilings and venomous persecution in the new land they love so well? The consequence of the different attitude of those two Celtic races is that the French-Canadian is a power in the land and the Irish-Canadian is not, or only seems to be. He submits to become merged in the unnatural surroundings of his choice. He is in reality nothing but a name, for he is invisible and impalpable as a united national body, and only exists, *in individuo*, on the authority of his baptismal registry as being an Irishman or the son of Irish parents. This fact may interest himself, or his family, but it has no bearing whatever on the position or destinies of his race in the country. He might as well, for all political or religious purposes, declare himself at once a Canadian pure and simple.

From Mimramcook I traversed all the Acadian country and mingled thoroughly with its life. I observed a tendency among some of the youth to migrate to the United States. Not a few good farms were vacant and wore that melancholy aspect not easily described, but meaning abandonment. The excitement of life; higher wages and readier command of money; the doubtful pleasure of greater freedom from restraint, all these are attractions offered by the factory towns of New England and not easily withstood by youthful Acadie. When the old people die off the young not unfrequently dispose of the happy Acadian homestead in the vain trust of finding a happier in the stranger land amid more stirring and eventful life. But they often return disillusioned, or to repair their broken health, and, whether prosperous or otherwise, amid stranger scenes, never detach their hearts from the loved land they left behind.

St. John, the capital of the province, is a thoroughly English town, in the Acadian sense of the word *Anglais*. It is quite a

prospering and picturesque place, rebuilt in excellent style, since the last great fire, of brick and stone. There is a very fine Catholic Cathedral of Gothic form. The Bishop, Dr. Sweeny, has had spiritual rule of the whole province for twenty-five years, and is beloved by French and English Catholics alike, and respected by the non-Catholic community. There is now another bishopric at Chatham, further north on the St. Laurence Gulf. Of the people of St. John I shall say that they are the most kindly, cultured, and courteous I had the fortune to meet with in any part of America. To conclude—by advancing at last the idea that inspired the writing of this paper—after having enjoyed every opportunity of comparing American life, in all its aspects, as it is in the busy cities and in the centres of production in the United States and Canada, with life in homely Acadia, I pronounce strongly in favour of the latter country as a terminus of immigration for at least a certain class of the people of these islands. The rush to the great cities of Canada and the States has drawn popular attention from this eastern corner of the great continent, with all its natural beauties and advantages, and all its home-like attractions. Yet here is the very cradle-land of civilization in North America. Here daring adventure first found and enjoyed its reward. Here still exist those venerable customs and institutions that have been permitted to survive in a land where progress means precipitation, success the shortening and saddening of life and the renouncement of its every charm. This is "The Great East," with its millions of fertile acres still unoccupied, and its exhaustless marine treasures ungathered. Yet it is passed by unnoticed in the wild hurry and flurry of migratory mankind. Soil, climate, social habits—and shall I say, above all, the vast vision and the briny breath of the ever-present sea—the loss of which seems to bring physical and moral death to our island race: all these combine to make this Acadian land the best home for those who must needs leave the only true home man has on earth—the land of his birth.

I have written to little purpose if I have not made a point of the facilities that the Catholic immigrant would find here towards practising and preserving his religion. He is planted at once in the midst of Catholic influences and practical Catholic life. He will live the best life of the Catholic home he has left if he dwell in brotherhood with the faithful people of Acadie.

R. HOWLEY.

The Pagan à Kempis.

II.

THE well-known eulogy of Gibbon on the reigns of the two great Antonines is that they were, perhaps, the only periods during which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of government, and that they would unhesitatingly be fixed upon by a man asked to assign the times when the world had its largest measure of enjoyment.¹ Yet Marcus Aurelius himself seems to have found little joy in his own age. Certainly he was not what we call a man of pleasure; nor can we say, even in a more creditable sense, that life to him was pleasant. Care perpetually sat upon his conscientious soul; the solicitude, not "of all the Churches," but of all the states composing his Empire, was a heavy burden upon him; and moreover, even if he had been free from the weighty charge of so many subjects, he still would have retained his view of life, which would have prevented him from taking very keen delight in earthly existence. In speaking before of what we have styled his "faith" we have already given the measure of his "hope:" for "faith is the foundation of things hoped for," and such as are the objects which a man believes to be best worth attaining among those open to his pursuit, such also will be the measure of his expectations. However, it is well to add over and above the passages already quoted, others that bear explicitly on the Emperor's hopes, and so we shall become acquainted with a notable theory of contentment.

His trust rests on a firm belief in Providence. If you are obedient, he said, then "He that governs the world will certainly make you good for something, and serviceable to His scheme, one way or another."² "All people work in some measure towards the ends of Providence, some knowingly, others unknowingly."³ "If the gods have decreed anything concerning me or my business, they have decreed my advantage, for it is absurd to suppose that they are mistaken in their measures, or not

¹ *Decline and Fall*, vol. i. c. 3, pp. 215, 216.

² vi. 42.

³ vi. 42.

benevolent in their design. . . . To suppose the gods care for nothing is a scandalous opinion."¹ "Be entirely resigned, and let the gods do their pleasure with your body and soul."² "That is best for man which universal nature sends him, and the time of sending, too, is also a circumstance of advantage."³ "Providence shines clearly through the works of the gods: even the works of chance are not without dependence on nature, being only an effect of the chain of causes, which are under a providential regulation. . . . What is both the product and the support of universal nature must, by consequence, be serviceable, to every part of it. Let these reflexions satisfy you; make them your rule to live by;" and when death comes, "die thanking the gods heartily for what you have had."

For what you have had! These words are not in the original; they are the translator's expression: but they answer only too truly to the mind of the author, who, as we before saw, was not at all clear about a future existence for the individual. The elements of man, he maintained, could endure after death; but the personality was not so well secured. Hence the hard case for poor Marcus Aurelius, when he would keep up his hopefulness. No man was more convinced than he of the vanity of human life, so far as it is made up of fleeting pleasures. He could not, like Hadrian, find a contentment or a relief in an amused contemplation of the world's frivolities. The human comedy was no pastime for him to watch. He had, therefore, to make out that there is a divinity in the life of man upon earth, a sacredness preservable under all circumstances, an individual property which each may safeguard if he will in the midst of every reverse of outer fortunes. This theory is maintained in sentences similar to a few already quoted under the heading of faith: but repetition will do no harm and some good, inasmuch as it bears so directly on the point which we are just now considering.

"It is in the power of the soul to preserve her serenity and calm by supposing the accidents no evil, for judgment and impulse, aversion and desire, are lodged within, and there is no mischief can come at them."⁴ If disturbing thoughts have been unwisely allowed to enter there, "rub out the impressions of fancy from the mind by saying to yourself, It is in my power to make myself free from desire or disturbance."⁵ No one can dispute the power of imagination for love or hate, for both the

¹ vi. 44.² iv. 31.³ x. 20.⁴ viii. 28.⁵ viii. 28.

one and the other in a most unreasonable degree ; and therefore within its own limits the rule is most excellent for an unduly impressed fantasy, "rub out the impression." But, then, some impressions come from invincibly real objects, which do not allow of having their images thus rubbed out. Yet even against them M. Aurelius has to prescribe the same kind of remedy. "It is opinion (*ὀπίοψη*) which gives being to misfortune ; do not fancy yourself hurt, and nothing can touch you."¹ "No mortal can put a restraint upon the soul ; neither can fire, sword, slander, or tyrant."² "Nobody can be hindered by another ; everything is opinion."³ And, "what an easy thing it is to stem the current of the imagination, to discharge a troublesome, improper thought, and at once to return to a state of calm."⁴ "To bestow no more upon objects than they deserve, and where things are indifferent, to let our thoughts be so too, is a noble expedient for happiness ; and this faculty we have in our souls. The way to obtain this indifference is to look through matters, to take them quite asunder, remembering always that things cannot enter into the soul, nor force upon us any opinions about them ; they are quiet. It is our fancy that makes opinions about them."⁵ "Let accidents happen to such as are liable to the impressions, and those that feel misfortune may complain of it if they please ; as for me, let what will come, I can receive no damage from it unless I think it a calamity ; and I have it in my power to think it none, if I have a mind so to do."⁶ "We are at liberty not to misinterpret any accident, and by consequence may be free from disturbance. Things have no natural power over thoughts to influence our judgment."⁷ "If anything external vexes you, take notice that it is not the thing which disturbs you, but your notion about it, which notion you may dismiss at once if you please."⁸

Thus did the pagan Emperor seek to render life on earth hopeful, cheerful, desirable, by finding a remedy against all outer evils, in a most literal application of the formula, "Never mind." That is, let no event fix a painful impression on your mind ; refuse to see any object in a dark light ; resolutely see it on a bright side. Readers may here be reminded of a poem by Matthew Arnold, in which his specific against the vexations of life is, "Look within ;" and for his authority he appeals to M. Aurelius, who could keep his soul peacefully undefiled even in a palace.

¹ viii. 40. ² viii. 41. ³ xii. 8. ⁴ v. 2. ⁵ xi. 16. ⁶ vii. 14. ⁷ vi. 52. ⁸ viii. 47.

Even in a palace, life may be led well!

So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
 Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
 Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,

Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
 And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
 Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
 Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
 Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came;
 And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame

Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
 I'll stop and say, "There were no succour here,
 The aids to noble life are all within."

"Look inwards," says the Emperor, not quite in the spirit of à Kempis, who writes, *Beati oculi exterioribus clausi, interioribus autem intenti*,¹ "look inwards, for you have a lasting fountain of happiness at home, that will bubble up, if you will but dig for it."² There is no need to flee to retired places, "it is in your power to withdraw into yourself whenever you desire; therefore, make frequent use of this retirement, . . . the little realm of your own."³ "Rely upon yourself, for it is of the nature of the principle that rules within us to be satisfied with uprightness, and the inward quiet consequent thereon."⁴ "My soul, would you be ever fully satisfied, get above want and wishing, and never desire to seek your pleasure in anything foreign, either living or inanimate."

Against sentences such as these being quoted as illustrative of the nature of the writer's hope, it might be objected that hope is of things not yet possessed, whereas they point to an inward possession; to which criticism we reply, that Marcus Aurelius does not at any time claim fully, and thenceforth for ever, to have possessed his own soul in peace. It is in his power more and more to approach such self-containment that he places his hope. Moreover, his assertion of self-sufficiency is not so exclusive as might appear merely from the extracts which we have given; for he recognizes his need to take account of his dependence on God and on the universe, if he would grow to the full stature of his manhood. To perceive that such are his thoughts, we have only to

¹ And again, *Ambulare cum Deo intus, et nulla affectione teneri foris, status est hominis interni*. Strangers have been known to be puzzled and amused at hearing mention of "an interior man," from the mouths of ascetics.

² vii. 59.

³ iv. 3.

⁴ vii. 28.

continue the list of the quotations: "Can you be persuaded that you are fully provided for, that all things are well with you, for the gods are at the head of the administration, and they will approve of nothing but what is for the best, and tends to the security and advantage of the good, righteous, beautiful, perfect being that generates and supports all surrounding things? In a word, are you likely ever to be so happily qualified as to converse with gods and men in such a way as neither to complain of them, nor to be condemned by them?"¹

These are practical questions, to be put by the soul to herself, for she has the power, by her conduct, to answer them affirmatively. Complaining or grumbling Marcus Aurelius strongly deprecates, not because he urges a blind acquiescence of the individual in the general course of things fated; on the contrary, he gives the reason for his advice. "You will never cease grumbling till you come to practise virtue with a relish. He that considers the inevitable liberty of the soul seeks nothing further,"² yet recognizes that this liberty is under conditions both of origin and of exercise. "What a mighty privilege a man is born to," not because he can follow his own inclinations arbitrarily, but because "it is in his power to do nothing except what God approves, and to be satisfied with all the distributions of Providence,"³ being "serviceable to society, compliant with the gods, and entirely satisfied with their rule and administration."⁴ "When things follow from the course of nature, we ought not to blame the gods, for they do no wrong either willingly or against their will; nor yet men, for their misbehaviour is involuntary."⁵ Thus it is that, without recourse to a Heaven that shall hereafter redress the balance for the just man whose weight of pain has here been excessive, Marcus Aurelius tries to establish a mundane optimism which not all the facts of the pessimist can upset. Serenity in the midst of storm is his great watchword. "You may live with all the freedom and satisfaction imaginable, though the whole world should cry you down; nay, though wild beasts should tear this flesh with which you are enveloped. For, pray, how can anything of

¹ i. 1.² x. 33.³ xii. 11.

⁴ vi. 16. "Wit and smartness are not your talent. What then? There are a great many other good qualities in which you cannot pretend nature has failed you: improve them as far as you can, and let us have that which is perfectly in your power. You may if you please behave yourself like a man of gravity and good faith, endure hardship and despise pleasure. Want but a few things and complain of nothing." (v. 5.)

⁵ xii. 12.

this reach to your mind and ruffle her serenity? It is my way to make everything serve as an opportunity for rational or social virtue in the performance of some duty either to God or man. For since all that happens is related to God or man, there is nothing new in it or difficult to deal with, but all is familiar and easy."¹ Thus, then, we have a hopeful life in the world exhibited to us under the double aspect of freedom in the rational faculty and of subjection to God and nature: but it is the rational faculty that is to reveal and carry out the subjection: "When you come once to pay a due regard and reverence to your own reason, then you will be pleased with yourself, serviceable to society, and compliant with the gods."² From one aspect indeed the subjection is inevitable, but it may be extended beyond the compulsory area, and even what is unavoidable may be embraced willingly, for "rational beings, and they alone, have the privilege to make of necessity a choice: mere submission is compulsory on all,"³ and is a service without hope, and an obedience of desperation. "If we confine our notion of good and evil to things in our power, then all motives of complaint will drop off. Then we shall neither remonstrate against Heaven nor quarrel with any mortal living."⁴

On a review of the theory proposed by M. Aurelius, we are struck by the fact that it is serenity rather than happiness which he proposes as the aim of life—calmness of soul amid a very stormy world, in which physical evils abound but are not to be counted true evils; for even the matter which forms our sensitive bodies is no part of our true selves, and all is under the guidance of the supreme reason which cannot govern unreasonably. So man depends for his contentment, in the last resort, on his Divine part, his soul, which has the control of its own opinions and affections, and can always keep these undisturbed by directing its own actions intelligently and by enduring the actions of things and persons outside with equanimity. There might be more difficulty in being patient with other *persons* as distinguished from *things*, for they certainly may treat one unreasonably, unjustly, even outrageously: still that is real evil only to themselves, not to us. Besides, their misconduct is due to want of knowledge: it is stupidity, which is no proper object for anger. Let the rest of the world, physical or moral, treat us as it may, we ought always to preserve the reason within us

¹ vii. 68.² vi. 16.³ x. 28.⁴ vi. 41.

clear, resigned, and tranquil, saying: Though all should betray thee, Reason, yet not I. As we have already remarked, M. Aurelius hardly mentions happiness: his aim is serenity, and we cannot deny that there is much in that condition of soul, if it can be secured when there is no hope of positive joy. We often hear an exclamation which is rather vulgar, "All serene:" and if we consider the tempestuous state of many souls—even though the disturbance often be a storm in a tea-cup, but still more when it is a storm terrible with all the terrors of the great sea of human affliction—we might be tempted to say, We will barter the prospect of keen happiness, provided only in exchange we may be allowed to be "all serene." Peace without felicity will do for us; so hard driven are we for a bargain that will rid us of our vexations. Clearly this is not Christian hope; and therefore, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius hold out¹ a prize

¹ Of course we can quote only a small part of what M. Aurelius says about resignation: a few additional extracts will interest some inquirers. "What happens to you was predestined your lot from the first, and that chain of causes which constitutes fate, tied your person and the event together." (x. 5.) "As nobody can rob you of the privileges of your nature, or force you to live counter to your reason, so nothing can happen to you but what is consistent with the interest of the universe." (vi. 58.) "The nature of no being is an enemy to itself. The world has the advantage above particular beings that there is no foreign power to force it to produce anything hurtful to itself. Since, then, I am a member of so magnificent a body, I shall freely acquiesce in whatever happens to me, and will never do anything against the common interest of my species." (x. 6.) "Wherever a man lives he may live well," even at a court. (v. 16.) "Never run into a hole and shun company. No, let the world see and recognize in you an honest man, who lives according to nature, and if the world does not like him, let it kill him, for it is much better to be served so than to live as the unreasonable do." (x. 15.) "Let this be the rule of your devotions, and see if the event does not answer; pray not for desired or against dreaded objects, but pray to be freed from the desires and the dreads." (ix. 41.) "You may be always successful if you do but set out well, and let your thoughts and practice proceed upon right method. There are two properties and privileges common to the soul of God and man, and all rational beings. The one is not to be hindered by anything external, the other to make virtuous intention and action the supreme satisfaction, and not so much as to desire anything further." (v. 34.) "Which do you blame, the atoms or the gods? Either course is folly, and therefore we must murmur against nothing." (viii. 17.) "It is a great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try instead to escape from other people's faults, which is impossible." (vii. 71.) "All events must either be a consequence of the first creating (*κοσμοποιῶν*), or else even the chief events at which the ruling principle aims are without design. Now this thought should go a great way towards making a man easy." (vii. 75.) "Every being is at ease when its powers move regularly and without interruption. Now a rational being is in this prosperous condition, when its judgment is guided by nothing but truth and evidence, when its designs are all meant for the advantage of society, when its desires and aversions are confined to objects within its power, and when it rests satisfied with the dispensations of the universal nature of which it is a part." (viii. 7.) "Be entirely resigned, and let the gods do their pleasure with your body and your soul." (iv. 31.)

inferior to that of the *Imitation of Christ*, immeasurably. There is all the difference between a resolution to take the troubles of life stoically and to take them in "the spirit of Jesus," which cannot be summed up in the sentence: "Nothing that does not enter my mind and get within me can hurt me: hold to that and you are safe."¹

One matter of resignation M. Aurelius has not, even on his own standard, properly secured, and it regards his hope not for this world, but for his passage out of it. He expresses himself resigned enough to death as a termination to which man must some day come; he has even declared his contentment with the time appointed by nature for this final exit, but has spoilt his profession by not keeping to it consistently as concerns the avoidance of suicide. Let us see how he wavers. He is true to his philosophy when he lays down the general principle: "I am solicitous only about one thing, and that is, lest I should do something that the constitution of man does not permit, or in the way or time it does not permit."² Now to die is certainly according to the constitution of man; but to die by suicide is a fault as to way and time of death. The first point is conceded without tergiversation by M. Aurelius: "What great matter is this business of dying? If the gods exist, you can suffer nothing, for they will do you no harm; and if they do not, or if they take no care of us mortals—why, then a world without either gods or providence is not a world worth a man's while to live in. But in truth the being of the gods and their concern in human affairs is beyond dispute. And they have put it entirely into a man's power not to fall into any calamity properly so called. I can never be persuaded that universal nature (*ἡ τῶν ὅλων φύσις*) neglected these things through want of knowledge, or, having knowledge, yet lacked the power or skill to prevent or correct the error," if indeed it be an error that good and bad men should be alike exposed to worldly changes of fortune. "Living and dying, honour and infamy, pleasures and pain, riches and poverty, all these are the common allotment of the virtuous and the vicious, because they have nothing intrinsically noble or base in their nature, and therefore, to speak properly, are neither good nor bad."³ In these words those familiar with the Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola will recognize sentiments that he also has uttered, but from a much higher stand-point; nor is this the only

¹ vii. 2.² vii. 20.³ ii. 11.

similarity of expression between the two writers.¹ But to keep to our author: "He that values before all other things his mind and his divinity (*δαίμων*), needs act no tragic part, laments under no misfortune, and wants neither solitude nor company; and, which is still more, he will neither fly from life nor pursue it, but is perfectly indifferent about the length and the shortness of the time in which his soul shall be encompassed by his body. And if he were to expire this moment, he would be as ready for it as for any other act that may be performed with modesty and decency. For all his life long this is his only care—that his mind may always be occupied as befits a rational and social being."² Next, we can produce teachings expressly condemning suicide: "A man ought to keep up his spirits, for it will not be long before his discharge comes; in the meantime he must not fret at the delay."³ "The world is either a medley of atoms that now intermingle and now are scattered apart, or else it is a unity under the laws of order and providence. If the first, what should I stay for, when nature is such a chaos and things are so blindly jumbled together? Why do I care for anything else than to return to the element of earth as soon as may be?

¹ Compare, for instance, with the first point in the Meditation on the Incarnation, the following: "To begin somewhere, consider how the world went in Vespasian's time; consider this, I say, and you will find the world just at the same pass as it is now: some marrying and some concerned in education, some sick and some dying, some fighting and some feasting, some drudging at the plough and some upon the Exchange, some affable and some overgrown with conceit, one full of jealousy and another of knavery. Here you might find a group wishing for the death of their friends, and there a seditious club complaining of the times. Some were lovers and some misers, some grasped at the consulship and some at the sceptre. Well, all is over with that generation long since. Come forward, then, to the reign of Trajan: here you will find the same thing, but the actors are all gone. Continue the contemplation, carry it to other times and countries, and you will see abundance of people very busy with their projects, who are quickly resolved into their elements. More particularly recollect those within your own memory, who have hurried on in these vain pursuits: how they have overlooked the dignity of their nature and neglected to hold fast to that, and be satisfied with it. Do you remember to proportion your concern to the weight of each action that you perform; and thus if you renounce trifling, you may part with amusements unregretfully." (iv. 32.) Again, in the second Meditation on Sin, St. Ignatius tells the sinner to regard himself as an ulcer upon creation. M. Aurelius uses the same metaphor, ἀπόστημα. (iv. 29.)

² iii. 7. Cf. xii. 36. At death "you quit the stage as fairly as a player does that has his discharge from the master of the company. But I have gone through only three acts, and not held out till the end of the fifth! You say well; but in your life three acts make the play entire. He that ordered the opening of the first scene now gives the sign for shutting up the last. You are accountable for neither one nor the other; therefore retire well satisfied, for He by whom you are dismissed is satisfied too." So ends the last of the Meditations.

³ v. 10.

Why should I give myself any trouble? Let me do what I will, my elements may be scattered. But if there is a Providence, then I adore the great Governor of the world, and am easy and of good cheer in the prospect of protection."¹ Over and over again M. Aurelius declares his acceptance of the latter alternative; therefore at least sometimes he does draw the conclusion that we should live till death comes upon us from causes not of our own placing. But in some passages which follow, our only way of understanding the author not to advocate suicide is to argue that he puts a hypothesis which he elsewhere holds to be untenable, namely, that man cannot overmaster outer conditions and cannot force himself to be contented in all circumstances that are beyond his control. "To make all sure you should resolve not to live longer than you can live honestly, for reason would rather that you were nothing than that you were a knave."² "You may live now, if you please, as you would choose to do if you were near to dying. But suppose people will not let you—why, then give life the slip, but by no means make a misfortune of it. If the room smokes, I leave it, and there is an end; for why should one be concerned at the matter? However, as long as nothing of this kind drives me out, I stay and do what I have a mind to; but then I have a mind to do nothing but what I am led to by reason and public interest."³ Some may find it not easy to regard these utterances as mere hypotheses the verification of which is denied; and all must be puzzled to regard what has now to be added as other than favourable to the policy of self-destruction under circumstances which press desperately hard on a man. "It may be that you will say, 'It is not worth my while to live unless this business can be effected.' Why then even die, but take your leave contentedly. Go off as smoothly as if you were in full activity, and be not angry with those that disappoint you."⁴ "If you perceive that you are over-matched, and begin to give way, retire cheerfully into some quiet nook where you may manage better"—an advice contrary to what we have before quoted. "And if this will not do, you may give life the slip, but do this without anger. Walk simply, gravely, and freely out of life."⁵ "He is better bred and more a gentleman

¹ vi. 10.² x. 32.³ v. 29.⁴ viii. 47.⁵ x. 8. The translator says, "into the other world," whereas the Greek is only ἐξῆθι τοῦ βίου, and that negative phrase is more consistent with the author's chariness in speaking of another life.

that takes leave of the world without a blot on his scutcheon, and has nothing of falsehood and dissimulation, of luxury and pride, to tarnish his character. But when a man has once dipt into these vices, the next best thing is for him to quit life."¹ The last words seem an over-free translation of τὸν δ' οὖν κορεσθέντα γε τούτων ἀποπνεῦσθαι δεύτερος πλοῦς; and in any case nothing is said of death by violence inflicted upon self, so that this passage does not prove any clear advocacy of suicide. The others, however, do appear to teach that in extreme trouble self-murder is permissible, if it be done graciously and gracefully, with serenity, without ill-temper, and without striving at scenic effect. If such is really the doctrine of Marcus Aurelius, then, he belies his oft-asserted principle that neither by physical nature nor by men need we ever be driven to desperation or even to the loss of our calm—a principle which we have shown to be his in a number of quotations, to which we may, by way of refresher, here add three more: "He that frets himself because things do not happen just as he would have them, and secedes, and separates himself from the law of universal nature, is but a sort of ulcer on the world, never considering that the same cause which produced the displeasing accident made him too. He that is selfish and cuts off his own soul from the universal soul of all rational beings, is a kind of voluntary outlaw."² "Wickedness is a plague, not to others, but only to him in whose power it lies to be rid of it whenever he pleases."³ "My will is as much my own as my constitution, and no more concerned in the will of another man than my breath and my body are another man's. For though we are born for the service of each other, yet our liberty is independent; otherwise my neighbour's fault might be my misfortune. But God has prevented this consequence, lest it should be in another's power to make me unhappy."⁴ In other words, no one else has the power to make me unhappy: and as to what springs from within myself, I can prevent unhappiness from ever rising up out of my own soul; therefore I can always continue that calm life which takes away the excuse for suicide. Yet M. Aurelius seems to find occasions on which to commend suicide; and if therein he is inconsistent, it is not the only point on which his different utterances will not hang together.

Charity in the theory of Marcus Aurelius as in the nature of things, is closely bound up with his faith and hope, such as they

¹ ix. 2.² iv. 29.³ viii. 55.

viii. 55.

are; all three are founded on knowledge, and violations of them on ignorance. "It is a saying of Plato that no soul misses truth of her own will. The same may be said with reference to justice, sobriety, good-nature, and the like. Be particularly careful to remember this, for it will help to sweeten your temper towards all men," that is, to make you charitable.¹ "There is only one thing here worth the minding, and that is to be true and just, and to show benevolence even to the untrue and the unjust."² Now the truth about charity is that it is a duty first of all towards God, as head of the universe: "Be always doing something serviceable for mankind, and let this constant generosity be your only pleasure, not forgetting in the meantime a due regard to the Deity."³ "Am I about anything? I will do it with reference to the interest of mankind. Does anything happen to me? I will accept it, referring it to the gods and the fountain of all things whence springs all that happens."⁴ "What is it worth one's while to be concerned for? Why nothing but this, to bear an honest mind, to act for the good of society, to deceive nobody, to welcome everything that happens as necessary, and familiar, and flowing from a common source."⁵ "Every man has three relations wherein to acquit himself: his body that encompasses him makes one of these; the Divine cause that gives to all men all things is another; and his neighbours form a third."⁶ Besides God, and the gods, the soul of the universe is another term, whether wholly distinct or not, to which all charitable action is referred. "The soul of the universe is of a sociable disposition: therefore it has made the lower part of the world for the sake of the higher; and the beings of higher rank it has bound together among themselves. You see how admirably things are arranged and subordinated to the dignity of their kind, and bound together in mutual harmony."⁷ Hence flows the reiterated conclusion that we should each act for the good of all the rest. "Love mankind and be resigned to Providence."⁸ "Whatsoever I do, I am always to aim at the advantage of the community."⁹ In so doing private interest is promoted, for "that which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."¹⁰ Herein, however, we are not to be too narrow in

¹ vii. 63.² vi. 47.³ vi. 7.⁴ viii. 23.⁵ iv. 33.⁶ viii. 27.⁷ v. 30.⁸ vii. 31.⁹ vii. 6.

¹⁰ vi. 54. M. Aurelius conceived that the good of the universe had a dependence on each unit in it, because the proper working of the whole required that each part should do just what it ought to do, the τὸ τὰ αὐτοῦ πᾶρτεν of Plato's *Republic*.

our interpretation of what interest is: it is to our interest to help our neighbours, even though we receive no other reward thereby than the consciousness of acting rightly. "You have obliged a man; very well: what would you have more? You have done according to your own nature, and must you still have a reward over and above?"¹ Besides your nature is your neighbour's nature; "though we are not identically of the same flesh and blood, yet our minds are akin, being both extracted from the same deity (*θείας ἀπομοίρας μέτοχος*)."² Even those who ill-treat us are not to be shut out from the common charity; in which matter the gods are an example to us, who "are so patient as to pass by the perversities of men, and sometimes to assist them over and above in health, fame, and fortune; so benign are they. Just so may you do if you please."³ Indeed you are bound thus to overlook offences; "you must be kind to people who treat you ill, for nature has made them your relations. Besides, the gods give them all sorts of countenance, warn them by dreams and by prophecy, and help them to those things they have a mind to."⁴ "If men are in the wrong you have no reason to be angry: it is because they know no better. They are under the necessity of their ignorance: for as no soul is voluntarily deprived of truth, so no soul would offend against good manners if it were rightly aware of what it was doing."⁵ Therefore gently show the ignorant wrong-doer his error "out of mere love and kindness, without any irony or scorn. Do not seem to lecture him, nor to court commendation from bystanders."⁶ "Does any one despise me? it is his look-out. I will take care not to give him any reason for his contempt by my words and acts. Does any one hate me? It is his look-out. I will continue kind and good-humoured to all the world, even to the injurious person himself. I am always ready to show him his error without abuse, or without making a display of my own patience, but frankly and with cordial sincerity."⁷ These additions to the principle of forgiveness are most important, for forgiveness may, by fault of manner, be made very irritating; and, moreover, the complaisant passing over of differences may, as Renan confesses it often did in his case, take the shape of assenting in words to that from which at heart we dissent. Therefore M. Aurelius would have nothing unguine about the

¹ ix. 42.

² ii. 1.

³ ix. 11.

⁴ ix. 27.

⁵ xi. 18.

⁶ xi. 18. In reference to his regard for others even in spite of their vexatious character, he asks, "Why should I vex myself who never willingly vexed anybody?" (viii. 42.) His theory is that he cannot really be vexed except by himself.

⁷ xi. 13.

display of charity ; he would have no fiction ; he who warns us that "nothing is more scandalous than a man proud of his humility,"¹ and violating humility in the very exhibition of it, tells us also in our charity not to be uncharitably false, but to "speak always according to conscience, and at the same time on terms of good-nature, and modesty, and sincerity."² "An affectation of sincerity is a very dagger ; nothing is more scandalous than a false friendship, and therefore above all things avoid it."

As part of the same honesty, and not as detracting from it, we may suppose it was not because he was blind to faults, but because he chose to dwell only on virtues which he might profitably contemplate and imitate, that he opened his first book with a list of the good qualities which he derived from copying the example of those with whom his early life had been associated, learning from his grandfather a happy disposition ; from his father modesty and manliness ; from his mother religiousness, generosity, plain-living, and abstinence from all ill-doing to others ; from his tutor attachment to no faction, not even to the parties in the circus, endurance of hardship, and avoidance of meddlesomeness ; and similarly from others he gathered other lessons well worth taking. That he should record of his relatives and his friends no faults, but only that from them he derived edification in various departments, certainly speaks highly for his charity, while it does not imply, however he may overpraise his wife and a few others, that he always shut his eyes to all that was amiss, still less that he flattered wrong-doers.³ A sign of his abhorrence of adulation is his frequently expressed dislike for the most empty, insincere rhetoric which was, in the words of Champagny, "the plague of the century," escape from which may have been in part attributed by him to that exemption of which he speaks in general terms : "I was bred in a plain, inexpensive way, very different from the common luxury of the rich. I have to thank my grandfather that I did not go to a public school, but had good masters at home."⁴ And, more directly to the point, he writes : "It is the blessing of the gods that I made now no further advances in

¹ xii. 27. ² viii. 6.

³ It is said that Dean Stanley, on principle, ignored the evil in human nature, attending to what was good. In moderation the resolution to regard life on its bright side has a very healthy effect ; but there is a limit to its application, especially for those who are rulers over others. Also the contentment which some agnostics nowadays have in regard to death, because they refuse to let their thoughts dwell upon it, is unsatisfactory.

⁴ i. 3, 4.

rhetoric, poetry, and other such accomplishments which possibly might have engaged my fancy too much."¹ He names his benefactor in this deliverance: "Rusticus preserved me from running into the vanity of the Sophists," the rhetoricians of the day, "and from yielding to the charms of rhetoric and poetry; he kept me from anything which looks like conceit and affectation; he taught me to write letters in a plain, unornamental style."² To others, his advice is: "When you speak in the Senate or elsewhere, speak suitably, without affectation, and let your discourse be always clear."³

Those who love rhetoric and poetry may begin to be annoyed, and may ask whether we are going to end our commendation of the Emperor's charity by a denunciation of their favourite arts. The line of our thought lies thus: M. Aurelius, as a true friend, would have his friendship devoid of flattery. Herein he was right, as every one will confess who really knows how very much flattery, which is part of the art of persuasion or of rhetoric, is made use of to win over and keep possession of those whom men or women are anxious to have bound to themselves by ties of amity. Now, in the days of which we are treating, rhetoric had not the modest place which it has among ourselves as regards public and private life. For then the grammarians, who began the boy's education, handed him over, when their work was finished, to the rhetoricians. These last, who before had been limited to the use of the Greek tongue, were in 92 B.C. allowed to give their instructions in Latin, and with their greater liberty came a large increase of their influence. The tradition of Rome had been to stand on guard against the wiles of speech as taught by the unvarnished Greeks. Even the Greeks had known how they needed to be on their guard against the trickeries of their own favourite art.⁴ In Aulus Gellius we read of two decrees in rapid succession against philosophers and rhetoricians, on the ground that they were dangerous teachers, who violated the received customs of Rome and were not pleasing to her authorities; and next there is mention made in the same author of a later *Senatus consultum* under Domitian, which drove Epictetus away to Nicopolis. But better times were in store for the persecuted men. Vespasian was the first Emperor to fix a salary on public rhetoricians acting as professors of their art; municipal bodies became liberal in paying them; and though not all the professors were equally lucky, for bad times

¹ i. 17.

² i. 7.

³ viii. 30.

⁴ Lib. xv. cap. 11.

came to them which Constantine tried to improve, yet some were very well off indeed. Herodes Atticus, a munificent citizen of Athens in the days of the Antonines, and himself a trained rhetorician, paid the Sophist Polemo, for three declamations, a sum of over eight thousand pounds. Gibbon puts the salary of the philosopher at three or four hundred pounds a year.¹ If, leaving aside the educational influences for good which may have resulted from the new kind of professorship, we inquire into the bad effects, we find many witnesses speaking to a deterioration in point of general sincerity. Boissier says that the young Roman carried with him his rhetoric into all departments of life; that rhetoric followed the Roman conquests into the provinces, even to our outlandish Thule:

De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.

Merivale² tells us that the national love of acting and declamation became very keen; that often studied modulations of voice and graceful action attracted more attention than did the words; that the glory of the artist was to throw his audience into a fever of excitement, till they also screamed and gesticulated; that children of twelve and under were so drilled as to come forward and deliver set harangues, under rules of delivery so fixed that they could not fail; that often the topics declaimed about were very trivial; that one side and its opposite were in turns contended for with equal vehemence, and that in judicial trials the art of the pleader was allowed unduly to strengthen his arguments. As, however, the subject is only incidental to our present discussion, which concerns the artlessness of the friendships cultivated by M. Aurelius, we will dismiss the topic with a few sentences from that ideal sketch of Roman life, *Marius the Epicurean*:³ "Rhetoric had become almost a function of the State. . . . It was an age, as sufficient authority shows, whose delight in rhetoric was but an element

¹ Vol. i. cap. 2, p. 194. Arnobius, himself a converted rhetorician, rejoices that Christianity had gained over others of that profession: "Nonne vel hæc saltem fidem vobis faciunt argumenta credendi, quod jam per omnes terras, in tam brevi tempore et parvo, immense jam hujus sacramenta diffusa sunt? Quod nulla jam natio est tam barbari mores, et mansuetudinem nesciens, quæ non ejus amore versa molliuerit asperitatem suam, et in placidos sensus assumpta tranquillitate migraverit? quod tam magnis ingeniis præditi oratores, grammatici, rhetores, consulti juris ac medici, philosophiæ etiam secreta rimantes, magisteria hæc expetunt, spretis quibus paulo ante fidebant?" (*Adv. Gent.* ii. 5.)

² *History of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. v. pp. 88—94. St. Augustine says that, under the exigences of rhetoric, at Milan he told many fibs, perhaps under the support of Cicero's advice, *Causam mendaciunculis aspergere*. (*Confessions*, vi. 6.)

³ Vol. ii. pp. 1—5.

in a general susceptibility, an age not merely taking pleasure in words, but experiencing a great moral power in them. . . . Arranging themselves at ease among the images and flowers, these amateurs of beautiful language, with their tablets for writing carefully all the orator's most exquisite expressions, were ready to give themselves wholly to the intellectual treat prepared for them, applauding, blowing loud kisses through the air sometimes at the speaker's triumphant exit from one of his long, skilfully modulated sentences; while the younger among them meant to imitate everything about him, down to the inflexion of his voice and the very folds of his mantle. Certainly there was rhetoric enough for them; a wealth of imagery, illustrations from painting, music, mythology, the experiences of life; a management by which subtle, unexpected meaning was brought out of familiar words like flies from amber."¹

From rhetoric, such as we have described it in the days of its exuberance, M. Aurelius, in his desire for sincerity of friendship, as of all other relations with men, is grateful that he was delivered; and he might well be so, without contending that rhetoric has no worthy place among studies, or even that its use begins only where De Quincey says that it does, namely, where mere argument fails to be effective. So far as the Emperor escaped the spirit of insincere panegyric in which false rhetoric sometimes indulges, he was the better fitted to be a sincere friend and to have sincere friends. His love to God and men, and his self-respect, which is part of well-ordered love of self, were the better because he was not ensnared by a prevalent form of dishonesty in the exercise of an art which, from one of its proficient, requires great temperance, if he is to keep his acquirement within bounds. And here we will end what we have to say about the virtue of charity, and about its allied qualities, exhibited to us in the writings of the Pagan à Kempis, who, as in his hope he gives us an example of serenity, so in his love shows us the picture of sincerity, but in both cases betrays many departures from sound doctrine wherein the Christian à Kempis is above reproach.

JOHN RICKABY.

¹ Champagny, in his work on the Antonines, quotes from Apuleius the questions of an orator to his fastidious audience: "Which of you would forgive me one single solecism? Who would bear to hear me pronounce a single syllable incorrectly? You study each of my utterances, you weigh each, you test it as you would a piece of money by the scales and the assay-balance."

A forgotten System of Cryptography.

IN the interesting article on Cryptography in the August number of THE MONTH reference is made to a system by Coordinates¹ and to a system by a key-number,² but there is no mention of a system which combines both these ideas. That a paper expressly dealing with the subject of Cryptography and showing large acquaintance with its modes and solutions should have no word about a method superior to all therein enumerated, a method probably unsurpassable in thoroughness of concealment and not exceptionally cumbrous in practice, would certainly seem to imply that the said method has passed away into the receptacle of forgotten discoveries.

The writer of this note chanced upon it many years ago in an old French Cyclopedia, of which he did not keep the name or date. It is there styled and with good reason : *Chiffre Indéchiffable*.

In a cypher despatch composed according to this system each separate letter, independently of every other, is convertible into any letter of all the twenty-six in the alphabet. Its hidden value can be elicited only by the help of a key-word or words, and that key-word may be of any length from a single letter to a thousand pages, and in any language which can be expressed in Roman characters. The ascertained value of one letter or word gives not the slightest clue to any subsequent letter or word, and it is a matter of absolute indifference whether the cypher is written continuously, or broken up into groups of the same length as the original words.

The annexed table will make this clear. Each vertical column contains the twenty-six letters, and each horizontal line also contains the twenty-six letters. The capital letters at the head of each column and at the beginning of each line act as indicators, and we may compare these respectively to the

¹ Pp. 561, 562.

² P. 565.

degrees of latitude and longitude on the margin of a map. The letters which fill the table may be compared to the towns in the map, with this difference, that a town has a fixed name of its own, which helps the student to put his finger on it, whereas a particular letter in these tabulated alphabets cannot be singled out from among so many like itself until its latitude and longitude are known.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
B	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a
C	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b
D	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c
E	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d
F	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e
G	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f
H	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g
I	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
J	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
K	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
L	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k
M	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
N	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m
O	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n
P	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
Q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
R	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q
S	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
T	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s
U	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
V	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
W	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v
X	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w
Y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x
Z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y

We wish to write a secret despatch. The key-word shall be *To-day*. The meaning to be conveyed is, *China versus Japan*. We write the key-word letter for letter over these words thus:

*T*oday *t*oday *t*oday *t*oday
C h i n a v e r s u s J a p a n

Let "China versus Japan" consist of letters scattered about through the columns and lines of the table.

Let the key-word "To-day" consist of letters at the head of columns (indicating longitude). The letters down the side of the table, which we have compared to degrees of latitude, will then give us the letters for our cypher despatch.

Take the first letter of the key-word To-day, viz., *T*, trace the column *T* as far as the first letter of the word "China," viz., *c*: then find the latitude of this *c*, viz., *J*. This *J* will be the first letter of the cypher. Take the second letter of the key-word, viz., *O*, trace column *O* as far as the second letter of "China," viz., *h*, find the latitude of this *h*, viz., *T*, and this *T* will be the second letter in our despatch. Continuing the same process we obtain for our despatch the following letters:

Jtfnc cqoswy vxpqb

To read the despatch we reverse the action. The despatch gives us the latitude, the key-word gives us the longitude, and with the help of these two we find the letters we desire—*China versus Japan*.

A. G. K.

Croxden Abbey.

IV.

THE harvest of the year 1332 was so early, that "all the corn was reaped before the feast of St. Bernard [August 20th], and the monks had so many hands in the abbey, that the reaping was accomplished in ten days.

"Likewise, in this year, the whole cloister of the monks was roofed anew all round, and, according to the computation of the carpenters, it took 25,500 and a half of shingles" [laths].

The annalist gives a detailed account of the Scottish war of 1332 and 1333, especially of the Battle of Halidon Hill [July, 1333]. "There fell," he writes, "before sunset, seven earls and 36,552 valiant men, and the remainder fled to their own land."

Such was the salubrity of the weather for the year 1333, that the harvest was all in before the feast of St. Bernard, "and the sowing for next season had commenced before the feast of St. Dionysius" [October 9th]. In this year, "the refectory, with the belfry, was roofed anew at great expense, so that those who came after had leisure for assisting at the Divine Offices in greater quiet," and the work cost shingles to the value of nineteen marks.

Richard de Esseby, formerly Abbot of Croxden, "ended his days on the 4th Ides of November, 1333, in the fifty-second year of his monastic life, and the seventieth year of his age; and, on the 2nd Ides of November, he was honourably interred before the altar of his most holy patron, St. Benedict, in order that the Saint, in whose honour he had, whilst living, drawn up monastic rules, might be, after his death, his perpetual intercessor before the Lord."

The work of roofing anew went on during the year 1334, namely, "the dormitory of the monks, with the buildings adjacent to it, that is to say, the store-rooms [treasury?] and

necessary offices, also the Abbot's dormitory." All this was done "in a fit and becoming manner, shingles being employed to the number of 25,000 and more, value for almost thirty marks; and all the spouting and gutters, which were previously of wood, were made of lead."

Lady Johanna de Furnivall, "the last of the de Verduns," *i.e.*, the last in the direct line from the noble founder of Croxden, died in 1334, "on the 6th Nones of November" [Dugdale says "of October"]. She died prematurely, in childbirth, "and was only thirty years and about two months old." On the 7th Ides of January following, "to wit, on the Sunday after the feast of the Epiphany, Lord Richard de Schepished, Abbot of this house, officiating, assisted by the venerable Fathers the Abbots of Burton, Combermere, Dieulacres, Hulton, and Beauchief, and the Priors of Worksop and Ecclesfelt, she was gathered honourably to her fathers, being buried before the high altar, between Lord Nicholas de Verdun, son of the founder (her progenitor), and Lord John de Verdun, her great-grandfather."

Here follows, in the annals, a record of the interments of the de Verduns, including an account of the death of Bertram, and the burial of his father, Norman, "on the north side of the altar of the Holy Trinity." The stone coffin which once contained the body of Lady Johanna may still be seen within the ruined apse, and may be singled out from the other two coffins remaining there, as being the smallest.

In 1334, Pope John XXII. granted a dispensation by which any of the Cistercian communities that chose to avail of it, were permitted the use of flesh-meat three times a week.

William de Schepished gives a very ornate description of King Edward's expedition to Scotland in 1334, comparing the Scotch to the Medianites, and the English King to Gideon, and he fills several pages with an account of Pharaoh, Saul, and Nabuchodonozor. He also chronicles for this year the death of Pope John XXII., and waxes eloquent over the election of Pope Benedict XII., "on the [vigil of the] feast of St. Thomas the Apostle." This Pontiff, James Fournier, "was a Cardinal-Priest of the Order of Cistercians, and he rose from being a humble monk to the Chair of Peter."

In 1335, "Lord Richard de Schepished, thirteenth Abbot of Croxden, began to build his new chamber, between the kitchen and the infirmary, and the dormitory; and, in the following year, he completed it at great expense."

During the Lent of the year 1336, "a pool was made, between the abbey and the sheepcote." Then follows a very naïve entry: "The King exacted the wool at a certain number of sacks, and *for a certain price*, the number for Staffordshire being 600 sacks, the price for each sack being nine marks,¹ *but he paid nothing at all.*"

The annalist continues: "At first, the wool was exacted universally, especially from the Religious; secondly, at a certain proportion from all persons whatsoever in whose hands it was found, both merchants and others; and thirdly, the King exacted one-fifteenth from the whole population, the price being at the rate of two shillings for each sack containing fourteen pounds of wool." All this heavy taxation was with a view to prosecute the war with France—that memorable Hundred Years' War, which began in the year 1337.

A comet appeared in the year 1337, which was popularly viewed as a portent of evil. In the same year Edward III. seized the estates of the alien priories in England to the number of about one hundred and twenty, and took into the royal coffers the various sums that were wont to be transmitted to the parent houses abroad. This procedure he continued for twenty-three years.

In 1339, "an eclipse of the sun took place about nine o'clock on Wednesday, the feast of the translation of St. Thomas, Archbishop, viz., on the Nones of July" [July 7th]. The summer of this year "was cold and rainy, and the autumn was very late and tedious."

"Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Thomas de Furnivall [at whose birth the last of the de Verduns died], called the Lady de Montfort, died prematurely at Sheffield, on the Monday before the feast of St. Michael, viz., on the 5th Kalends of October [September 27th], in the nineteenth year of her age. On the following Saturday, viz., on the 6th Nones of October, an Office was celebrated on her behalf at Croxden, as was also an anniversary Office for her illustrious lady mother."

"On the day before the Ides of October [October 14th], died Lord Thomas de Furnivall, at Sheffield, and he was buried by the Abbot of Croxden, in the Abbey of Beauchief,² on the

¹ Green says that the King "for a time turned the wool trade into a royal monopoly, and became the sole wool exporter, buying at £3 and selling at £20 the sack."

² The Premonstratensian Abbey of Beauchief, near Sheffield, was founded in 1183, by Robert Fitz Ralph, and dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Monday within the octave of the Ascension following" [May 9, 1340].

The *Inquisitio Nonarum* took place in 1341, being a detailed revaluation by local jurors of the various churches, in consequence of a grant of the ninth sheep, lamb, and fleece having been made to the King for two years.

In 1344, Ralph, second Baron Stafford, gave a foundation to the Austin Friars at Stafford, which flourished until the dissolution of the monasteries.

For the year 1345 mention is made of more burning of woods and rebuilding of various granges and tenements. "The autumn was late, and unusually tedious and rainy. The winter was very severe and rainy, and sheep and other animals perished in great numbers from rot, famine, and cold."

Nothing of interest is recorded for the year 1346 or 1347, but, in the latter year, the Order of the Garter was created, and the living of Uttoxeter was appropriated to the chapel of St. George's, Windsor, for the use of the said Order.

In 1348 we are informed that "the King exacted a reasonable subsidy from all the military fiefs, in order to make his son a knight," that is, a knight of the newly established Order of the Garter.

The Black Death made its appearance at Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire, in the August of this year, and, in October, began to spread all over England. From January to May, 1349, there were two hundred and forty-nine presentations to benefices by the King, as compared with forty-two during the same period of the year 1348.¹ Our annalist briefly mentions "the great pestilence throughout the whole world." Richard de Tanfield, Dean of Alton since January, 1347, was carried off by the plague in October, 1349. So great was the devastation, that at the close of the year 1349 almost half of the population of England, including more than half the clergy, were swept away.

Only one item is recorded for the year 1350, viz., "the Jubilee, ordered by Pope Clement VI." This Pontiff, by a Bull of the year 1343, had reduced the number of years for the celebration of this extraordinary Indulgence from one hundred

¹ Dr. Gasquet, in his recent work on this subject, tells us that from June to September, 1349, there were four hundred and forty presentations, as compared with thirty-six of the previous year for the same period; whilst from the middle of September to January 25, 1350, the number of royal presentations to benefices was two hundred and five.

to fifty years, "in consideration of the shortness of human life." The number of pilgrims who visited the Eternal City in this year was estimated at 1,200,000.

The Cistercian Annals for the year 1350 tell us that the use of wine was then first permitted to the sons of St. Bernard, though the permission was sparingly availed of.

Under date of the year 1356 our annalist chronicles the famous Battle of Poitiers, and the capture of King John on September 19th.

Bishop Norbury of Lichfield died on November 22, 1358, and was buried in his Cathedral. He was succeeded by Robert de Stretton (chaplain to the Black Prince), who was consecrated on September 29, 1360.

A second pestilence is recorded for the year 1361, and de Schepished makes an entry to the effect that "all the children that were born since the first pestilence, died." This plague is known as the King's Death, and amongst its victims were the Bishops of London, Ely, Worcester, and St. David's. Green says that "men believed the world to be ending and the Judgment Day to be near." A tremendous hurricane, from January 16th to 18th, did very serious damage all over England.

Thomas, third Baron Furnivall, Lord of Hallamshire and patron of Croxden, died *sine prole* in 1366. His brother William succeeded him as fourth Baron, and paid a fine of £20 to the King for Worksop Park.

The first event chronicled in the annals for the year 1367 is a visitation of Croxden Abbey, "on the Ides of January [January 13th], by the Abbot of Garendon¹ and Brother Henry Foley of Alnet, commissary of the Abbot of Alnet." Alnet was the parent house in Normandy, and it appears that, owing to the distress and misery consequent on the Great Pestilence, as also the phenomenally high prices of labour and provisions, the monks of Croxden were reduced considerably, as well in the number of the community as in the revenues of the house. The result was that the recently appointed Abbot of Croxden laid his case before the Abbot of Alnet, and accordingly the commissioners above named were appointed to examine into the affairs of the house. Our worthy annalist accurately informs us that, "at this time, the debts of the house amounted to two hundred and forty-seven marks, eight shillings, and nine pence."

¹ Garendon Abbey, near Loughborough in Leicestershire, was founded for the Cistercians in 1133 by Robert de Bossu.

An investigation was carefully made by the commissaries, and several changes were effected for the better government of the abbey in matters spiritual as well as temporal.

"On the same day, Alexander de Cubbeley [Cubley, Derbyshire, although Dugdale writes it *Cowley*] was deposed from his office of Abbot [there is no mention made of the resignation or death of Richard de Schepished] by the procurators, Brother William de Bromshulf and Brother John de Betenal, under the instrument of the notary."

"And, on the same day, Lord William de Gunston [Gunston is in the Selsdon Hundred of Staffordshire, on the Chillington estate, not far from the Cistercian convent still known as "White Ladies"] was elected Abbot by the whole community.

"In the same year, the grange of Cauldon, leased to Nicholas de Kniveton, which had previously been made over to him for £40 10s., was released by the said Abbot William on the Sunday before Pentecost."

Thus was the work of the commissaries accomplished, and the abbey was again placed on a sound financial basis, under the guidance of "a wise, prudent, and saintly ruler."

There was a great scarcity of grain in the year 1368, "so that a bushel of wheat was worth, at London, two shillings and more; a bushel of barley, twenty pence; two bushels of oats, twelve pence;" and so on.

"In the same year, the wood of Gibberidyng [Broad Ridding, near Alton] was burned; and our tenement at Waterhouses was sold for nineteen marks."

For the year 1369, a third pestilence is chronicled. *Item*, "in this year the monks began to sell the wood of Grete." This entry refers to the wood in the hamlet of Great Yate¹ (or Great Gate, the grand entrance to Croxden), half a mile from the abbey. There must have been an immense quantity of timber in this wood, as the annalist informs us that "the sale lasted for three years." The price was at the rate of "twelve bundles for twenty pence, and the sum total of the pence amounted to a hundred marks."

During the autumn of the same year, "the Billesdon house [that is, the house built by Abbot de Billesdon] fell down, from the church as far as the door of the hall; but in the following

¹ Yate or Gate is common throughout various parts of England. The well-known Staffordshire surname of *Byatt* is merely a corruption of *By ye yate* (By the gate).

year it was rebuilt, and roofed anew, with shingles to the number of 1,900."

No events are recorded in the annals for the year 1370; but in the Assize Rolls for the Easter term, I find that the Abbot of Croxden was sued for forty marks.

In 1372, the following are the chief items of interest: "The ditches were made anew from Wylkedonwe, beginning near the corner of the abbey wall, as far as Wecknbalth [these two names I have been unable to identify—the only two in the whole of the annals], and then along to Longhadlond [Long Headland]; and from Longhadlond as far as the head of le Beycheclogh [le Belogh, or the present *Beelow*, so well known to all who have been at St. Wilfrid's College, and regarding which so many legendary tales have been told], and from the said head as far as the ford in the road called Stoneyway, which is between our territory and the boundary of Rocester—that is to say, an extent of 224 perches, each perch costing iiij. pence—and so altogether the ditches cost seven marks.

"The house in the grange of Oke [the present village of Oakamoor], near the road, was built anew, and extended one perch beyond the former house.

"In the same year, there was a flood on the 3rd Kalends of September, such that all the grass and corn growing near the water was destroyed." At the same time, "all the bridges, standing over the Churnet [a rivulet well known to Waltonians], were totally destroyed by a flood.

"And on the vigil of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin [February 1, 1373], and during the day itself, the wind was so strong and tempestuous, that it took the lead off the dormitory, infirmary, and Abbot's chamber; and threw down half the trees in the orchard, and thirty oaks in Great Yate, and the large granary of Musden, and the granary which is called Sponherne; and it caused other damage in different parts of England."

At the General Chapter held at Citeaux in 1373, owing to the general complaint regarding the small number of postulants, it was enacted that permission be given "to admit novices to their solemn profession before the end of their year of probation, on condition that they know the Psalter and other necessary portions of the Divine Office, and have completed their fourteenth year." Many, however, renounced this privilege, and preferred to go through the full term of noviceship.

Our annalist tells us that, during the year 1373, most of the

damage done, whether by storms or floods, during the preceding season, was repaired. "The granary of Musden was rebuilt, and the ditches newly made to the length of 130 perches." There was also a house built near the hamlet of Great Yate. "The winter of this year was long and severe."

In 1374, "three corners of the cloisters were repaired, and both north and west walls near the church were roofed in anew, and the church itself was secured with clamp irons."

With the above entry for the year 1374 ends the interesting chronicle of William de Schepished, which he concludes with the following rather enigmatical paragraph :

"To be, to have been, to be about to be, are three vain periods of existence. For, everything perishes which has been, which is, and which shall be. That which has been, which is, and which shall be, perishes in the space of a short hour. Therefore of little profit is it to be, to have been, and to be about to be."

The venerable annalist died in the Advent of the same year, at the patriarchal age of one hundred and three, and we part company from him with deep regret, as henceforward, until the year 1531, the details regarding Croxden Abbey are comparatively meagre.

In a concluding paper I shall give a *resumé* of the principal events until the dissolution, with a brief sketch of the subsequent history of this grand old ruin, and an outline of its present condition, with the architectural features.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

The Canadian Pacific Railway.

I.

IF the reader will take the trouble to glance at any map of the Dominion of Canada drawn within recent years, he will see a long black line, tapped with many branches, running across the continent from ocean to ocean. That line represents the main path and branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the youngest and vastest railway systems in the world.

The whole organization is the outcome of only a decade or so, and it has already under its control over seven thousand miles of track. Not merely has it extended its lines through the settled portions of the Dominion, thus competing successfully with old established lines, but it also started out, thirteen years ago, through the hitherto impenetrable regions north of the great Canadian lakes, and across the western prairies, scaled the Rocky Mountains and stretched its steel to the Pacific Ocean. Its magnificent steamships are now floating in Asian and Australasian harbours, threatening to monopolize the Pacific trade.

What the future reserves for this vast land and water highway no one will venture to say. It has already made this globe of ours smaller then ever; it will undoubtedly modify the history of the Far East in its relations with America. In sketching the origin of the Canadian Pacific Railway, its construction, development, and present organization, the writer is paying a tribute not merely to the foresight of the men who years ago projected this world highway, but also to the shrewdness and energy of those who are now at the helm. The recent elevation of the President, Sir William Van Horne, to the knighthood, was a graceful way of letting the world know that energy and shrewdness are appreciated, and of showing, at the same time, that interest in the great national work is not waning.

When the project was mooted, thirty years ago, of uniting the separate British American provinces under one Federal

Government, no problem occupied more seriously the minds of the clever statesmen of the day than that of interprovincial communication. The intercolonial railway, extending eastward from Quebec to the Atlantic, was a "child of confederation." But confederation had to beget another, stretching its arms westward, if the dream of a united Canada were ever to be anything but a dream. British Columbia was destined to remain an isolated colony on the Pacific coast, notwithstanding the fond wishes of the federationists, if some physical means of communication were not put at the disposition of its people. Sentimental bonds such as the Imperial Federation League has been proposing to us during the past few years, would be hardly strong enough to draw to us, and keep linked to us, people living next door to Far Cathay.

None knew this better than the inhabitants of the little western colony, and when it sent its petition, in 1868, to the Canadian Government asking for federation with the four sister provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, the main condition laid down was the construction of a waggon-road across the continent within two years after admission into the Dominion, and the outlay of one million dollars annually in the building of a transcontinental railway.

These propositions were moderate and reasonable, and writers who treat the subject are of one mind, that had the Government remained satisfied with putting them into execution, the current of Canadian governmental history would have considerably changed. But the Prime Minister and members of the Conservative party, then in power, in what a recent writer calls "a fit of enthusiastic liberality," offered to do more than the petitioning colony had asked for, and showed their readiness to build a railway across the continent, which should be completed within ten years. British Columbia accepted this new state of things and entered the confederation in 1871.

One of the chief motives underlying the apparently generous action of the Government was the near ending of the lease of the North-West Territories to the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. Readers conversant with the history of British North America are aware that, in 1670, Charles II. gave his cousin, Prince Rupert, and a number of fur-traders styling themselves "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," a chartered lease of what was equal in extent to several European kingdoms, "with powers," says Lieut.-

Governor Schultz of Manitoba, "which no potentate in Europe would dare exercise to-day." This territory became during nearly two hundred years a vast fur-bearing preserve, and brought untold profits to the company of adventurers. They built forts and established trading-posts at the principal points in the country, and did all that was possible both before and after their amalgamation with the North-West Fur Company in 1821, to keep themselves aloof from the outside world. It was only in the middle of the present century that the Canadian Government awoke to the fact that the hundreds of millions of acres of prairie land east of the Rockies might be put to better use than to be given over to fur-traffic in the interests of a private monopoly.

In 1857, the Crown Lands and Public Works Department, desirous of getting some definite knowledge of those immense regions, sent out an expedition having that object in view. Mr. S. J. Dawson, with a competent staff, had orders to explore the country from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, "to ascertain the practicability of establishing an emigrant route between Lake Superior and the Selkirk Settlement, and to acquire some knowledge of the natural capabilities and resources of the Valley of the Red River and the Saskatchewan."¹ Two years were spent in this work, and the result was an elaborate report in praise of the resources of the country, quality of the soil, variations of temperature, &c.

In order to show just what was lurking in the minds of the explorers, Professor Hind, the geologist of the expedition, tells us in his Preface, published thirty-four years ago, that "the idea of a route across the continent of America, lying wholly within British territory, is daily becoming more settled and defined." The writer has before him a copy of Mr. Dawson's already antiquated *Report of the Red River, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition*, and he cannot refrain from transcribing Mr. Dickenson's prophetic passage, penned when he took his first view of the fertile Qu'Appelle Valley, long before there was question of a railway across the continent: "As I stood upon the summit of the bluff, looking down upon the glittering lake, three hundred feet below, and across the boundless plain, no living thing in view, no sound of life anywhere, I thought of the time to come when will be seen passing swiftly along the horizon the white cloud of the locomotive on its way from the

¹ Professor Hind's Report.

Atlantic to the Pacific, and when the valley will resound with the merry voices of those who have come from the busy city on the banks of the Red River to see the beautiful lakes of Qu'Appelle."

Mr. Dawson's report convinced the Canadian Government that two million nine hundred thousand square miles of land, capable of supplying the world with wheat, and perhaps coal, could be put to better use than to be let to a wealthy company of fur-traders. The Government refused to renew former engagements, bought the rights of the company in 1869 for one and a half million dollars, and the North-West ceased to be ruled by the adventurers after their almost undisputed mastery of two hundred years. In view of the opening up to immigration of those immense tracts of land, Mr. Dawson had further orders from Government to begin a highway from the western extremity of Lake Superior, leading to the Red River Settlement through the Rainy River district. This work, known as the Dawson route, was begun in 1868, and carried on for five years. When British Columbia entered confederation and the building of the transcontinental rail route seemed to be within measurable distance, work on the Dawson road was discontinued. But it served at least to give Lord Wolseley and his men an easier passage than they might otherwise have had on their way to Fort Garry in 1870 to crush the first Riel uprising.

As soon as the little western colony decided to throw in her fortunes with the other provinces, plans for the great inter-oceanic route began to be elaborated. Surveyors and exploring parties, by order of Government, started through the Ottawa Valley to Lake Nipissing, and along the northern shores of Huron and Superior; they crossed the prairies from old Fort Garry and over the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia, exploring the country as they went, measuring the altitudes of the mountains, sounding rivers and swamps, to find a foothold for the steel of the future railway.

The Conservative policy, formulated after the admission of the new province, was to push the road westward to the Pacific coast from some point near Lake Nipissing, and let the work be done by a private company, to which liberal grants of land should be made. Such were the brilliant prospects looked for in the future, that the selling of immense tracts of western prairie lands would recoup the Government for the sums spent

or loaned for construction. Fifty million acres, or twenty thousand per mile, were to be set apart for the entire distance of two thousand five hundred miles between Nipissing and the coast. Government were authorized to subsidize the company undertaking construction with thirty million dollars, which enormous sum would be paid back by the sale of the lands aforementioned. This scheme would make the road pay for its own construction and carry out the other, and not less important, element of the Conservative policy, that the building of the great highway should not increase the rate of taxation on the Canadian people. To help the carrying out of those optimistic plans, British Columbia handed over to the Federal Government a belt of land twenty miles deep on both sides of the track from the mountains to the coast.

After months of bickering among rival companies contending for the contract, a company was formed with Sir Hugh Allan, a prominent Canadian financier, at its head. This company received its charter in 1872, and the public was informed that the construction of the long-expected Canadian Pacific was about to be undertaken at last.

The future looked brilliant enough, but the failure of the new company to obtain the support looked for from European capitalists, sent it to the wall, and with it went the Conservative Government in what will be known in Canadian history as the Pacific Railway scandal.

Lucius Seth Huntingdon, whom the writer recollects having seen and heard several times in Ottawa during those stormy sessions of 1873, was the powerful speaker who stood in the House of Commons and accused the Government of having received large sums of money from the new company as the price of its charter. The Conservatives fell, and Mr. Mackenzie, the Liberal leader, was given an opportunity of ventilating his railway scheme.

While they were in opposition, the Liberals held widely different views from the Conservatives on the question at issue. Now that they were in power, they modified some of these views. None more than Mr. Mackenzie and his followers appreciated the immense advantages that would accrue to the Dominion by the rapid construction of the transcontinental route, but they did not wish to impose the burden of immediate construction on the people. Their plan was to connect by rail the magnificent water-stretches westward which included the

Great Lakes, the Red River, and Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains, then through the Yellow Head Pass, and down the Thompson and Fraser Rivers to the coast. Their object was obviously to postpone for years the building of what they considered unnecessary portions of the road, and devote the surplus sums to the construction of the Rocky Mountain and coast sections. Those sections alone, it was estimated, would cost thirty-five million dollars, and the entire energies of the country were to be centred therein.

The British Columbians felt inclined to hold the new Government to the generous promises made by the Conservatives in 1871, but Mr. Mackenzie sent an agent to the western colony to ask for modifications of the terms agreed upon by the preceding Government.

It was at this juncture that the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, was appealed to, and drew up what are known as the Carnarvon terms. These were a compromise between the plans of the interested parties. Some of the modifications proposed were not accepted by the Senate, and the Carnarvon terms were not afterwards referred to.

The Railway Act of 1874 gives us the whole groundwork of the policy of the new Administration. The first and perhaps chief point was the absence of any provision for extra-taxation, and the making of the construction a governmental work instead of handing it over to a syndicate. The other prominent feature was the extensive surveys proposed. "Nothing less than a thorough and complete survey," says a writer, "was, in Mr. Mackenzie's eyes, essential to the construction of the road, and large bodies of engineers were kept busy at work from Nipissing to the Pacific coast." Over three million dollars were spent on the determination of the route which was afterwards partly rejected.

Meanwhile sections of the road from Thunder Bay to Lake Winnipeg and west of the Rockies were being slowly built by Government. It was not till five years after the incoming of the Liberals that a vigorous prosecution of the work was resolved upon. The people of Canada had long known the important changes for the better this national enterprise would bring about on the face of the country, and they grew athirst for its completion; but political indecision delayed the desired event for years.

In 1878 the Liberals appealed to the country for approval

of their fiscal policy, and suffered defeat. When Mr. Mackenzie handed over the reins of power to Sir John A. Macdonald, the Thunder Bay and Lake Winnipeg section had been nearly completed, all but a gap of one hundred and eighty-five miles; hundreds of miles of prairie had been graded and made ready for the rails. The whole transcontinental scheme had cost thus far ten million dollars.

The new Administration followed the lines laid down by their predecessors, and pushed forward the work with much vigour, reserving in 1879 one hundred million acres in the territories to aid them in carrying it on. But the drain on the resources of the Government, and the constantly increasing expenditure, convinced them that the delivery of the whole work to a private company was in the interests of the people. The Prime Minister, with Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. John Henry Pope, conferred with Canadian and American capitalists, and in 1880 crossed the Atlantic to secure European money for the enterprise. These statesmen succeeded in forming a syndicate of capitalists who agreed to take possession of the entire road as soon as favourable terms could be arrived at. It is hardly a matter of wonder that the wealthy men of Europe and America promised the loan of their gold: the opening up to European emigration of four hundred million acres of wheat-fields, cattle ranches, and mining regions, was a sufficient earnest to them of handsome dividends in the future.

The terms of the contract with the new Canadian Pacific Railway Company were chiefly these: The Government resolved to complete the work already begun in British Columbia, and from Thunder Bay to Red River, six hundred and forty miles in all, and then cede it to the company at a value of thirty million dollars. Nineteen hundred miles remained to be built to connect Nipissing with the Pacific, and the most difficult portions of the road had not yet been touched. The construction of rival roads was prohibited for twenty years. The company was to receive twenty-five millions of acres and twenty-five million dollars in cash; all material to be used in construction to enter Canada duty free; exemption from taxes for twenty years; free grants of all land required for workshops, stations, &c. In return for these singularly advantageous conditions, the company pledged itself to finish the road from Nipissing to the coast, two thousand five hundred and fifty-five miles, by May 1, 1891, that is, ten years from date of contract.

The old Canada Central Railway had been secured, and would complete the route east of Nipissing.

On May 1, 1881, the road passed into the hands of the present company, and a period of activity unparalleled in any modern enterprise opened up. No sooner had the terms of agreement been signed, than explorers and engineering parties were sent to run preliminary surveys over the trackless country north of Lakes Huron and Superior, in quest of a path for the transcontinental steel. Few who have not travelled and retravelled through those desolate regions can form an estimate of the difficulties and hardships such an enterprise entailed. For years the feat of sending a road through the six hundred miles that separate Nipissing from Thunder Bay had been declared an impossible one, and had in fact been abandoned indefinitely for Mackenzies' "waterstretch" route. But the young company, with incredible energy and millions of dollars to back it, refused to ratify this solution of the problem; and the traveller across the continent in these days, as he passes between perpendicular walls of solid granite, or through tunnels of the same material, or over the edges of cliffs, or on trestles and bridges perched in mid-air, cannot help paying a passing tribute to the combined power of will and money.

The story of the building of the Canadian Pacific is the story of all railway construction where Nature shows her teeth, but you can recall no line—except perhaps the proposed trans-Siberian route—where the difficulties of building were so continuous or so great. Hundreds of miles of trackless wilderness—a great lone land—wrapped in Arctic ice and snow in winter, in summer intersected with rivers and brawling torrents; ravines blocked with gigantic rocks and boulders, relics of glacier ages; opposing mountain-ranges bristling with tall, ugly, branchless tree-trunks, like monuments raised to Desolation: these were the everyday scenes that met the eyes of the pioneer surveying parties. In their work of tracing lines and deciding the route the future railway was to take, they plunged through valleys covered with a well-nigh impenetrable growth of underwood and muskeg, and with incredible hardships scaled mountains of bare, solid rock, running sheer out into the lakes and extending inward for miles, growing higher as they receded. It is a well-known fact that the heroic engineers and chain-bearers had oftentimes

to climb over those worse than Alpine hills with ropes and alpenstocks, in order to make any progress in their work. Shut out from all traces of human habitations and lost in shrubbery and broken rocks, they had to locate themselves every day with the sextant. At nightfall, they pitched their tents on the banks of streams or under mountain ledges, lighted their fires to keep wild animals at bay, or preserve themselves from the chilling night-air. During the early surveys, seven men perished in a bush-fire a few miles east of Nepigon.

Once the direction of the line had been determined on and marked out with grading-pickets, the surveyor's work was done; they pushed forward, and an army of workmen followed on their heels. Squads of navvies, known as bush-gangs, set to work felling trees and clearing obstructions. Rock-gangs, equipped with drills and dynamite, attacked million-ton monoliths, and after untold labour and danger, and not a few accidents, rent them asunder or tunnelled them through and through, with openings large enough for future traffic. Others, with pick-axe and shovel, ploughed up the soft muskeg and raised the level of the line. Others flung bridges and trestles across the rivers and streams they met on their way. Others laid down the wooden cross-ties and spiked on to them the heavy steel-rails. And thus the work lengthened out, day by day, and the army of builders kept on westward, leaving behind them here and there along the freshly-laid tract, little mounds of earth covering the bones of poor, nameless navvies, the victims of premature dynamite blasts or falling pieces of rock. The writer travels to and fro many thousand miles a year over this railway, and has had occasion to meet many a navy-hero of construction times. Their adventures with nitro-glycerine and giant-powder out-do Munchausen's wildest flights of fancy. The only thing that betrays their veracity is that they are still alive to tell their stories.

The admirable organization, with a perfect mastery of details, which is now the crowning glory of this company, had even during construction begun to manifest itself. In proportion as the grading and tracklaying advanced westwards from civilization, the task of supplying the wants of thousands of workmen grew greater, and might have been a serious problem, had not the foresight of the company and its contractors been equal to the occasion.

No expense was spared to prevent famine, or even dearth of supplies. Waggon-ways, technically known as "tote-roads,"

followed the line hard by, and at different points branched off to the lakes. In some cases the cost of building these purely temporary provision-roads was enormous; the "tote-road" from the main line to Michipicoten, on Lake Superior, cost eighty thousand dollars. Over this and similar roads supplies were drawn for man and beast, and the work of construction from Nipissing to Thunder Bay went rapidly along, more rapidly, in fact, than the most sanguine promoters had anticipated.

The same activity that displayed itself on the sections north of the lakes was felt also on the prairies, where the rails were laid at a rate of four or five miles a day. So rapidly did the work proceed that the camps, boarding-cars, railway supplies, and the hundreds of men, changed base every second or third night. The movement westward of the track-layers was like the advance of an army.

In scaling the Rocky Mountains, and their almost insurmountable barriers, the railway engineers surpassed all previous records in the work actually done and in the simplicity of the methods employed. Discarding the Saskatchewan and Yellow Head Pass, chosen by the promoters of the "waterstretch" route, the new company's engineers followed the valley of the Bow River a couple of hundred miles further south, entered a gap, and worked their way slowly up the river bank a hundred and thirty miles. Turning to the west they found themselves after ten miles up-grade, at the foot of an immense glacier at an altitude of five thousand three hundred feet. This is the highest point that steel was laid in the Rockies. They then began to descend the western slope towards the Wapta Gorge, or Kicking-Horse Pass, a narrow defile leading down a dark and gloomy cañon through which flows the Kicking-Horse River raging and leaping in its fury.

"Hemmed in on all sides by towering mountains, you descend deeper and deeper as if into the valley of the shadow of death guarded by adamantine Titans to resent intrusion into this other world. The waters of the Kicking-Horse, roaring and hissing and dashing furiously—a devil's cauldron—break the dead silence. Here and there in inextricable confusion is a labyrinth of rocks, stones, stumps, broken trees, crushed pines, dead giants, torn from their roots by storms, or hurled from the mountain-sides by avalanches of snow, or by the immense masses of stones which are lying by their sides. Acres of these tangled collections of broken and dead or dying material had been cut through by the persistent engineer, and it could be

seen where fragments, dislodged from the lofty sides of mountains, weighing hundreds of tons, had crashed their way through the forest, leaving the pines bent, broken, and wrenched by the roots from their rocky beds, and had sunk themselves deep in the yielding earth. Some are hoary with age and crowned with lichen of the most beautiful colours; some are lying over trees they had stricken to death in their headlong fall; some had trees lying over them; some are deep in the ground stopped by trees whose roots they had dragged from the soil; some are almost hidden by a maze of blackened trunks which a mountain-fire had laid low and left to certain destruction by the rains, and the snow, and the ice, and the tempests which for ages will continue to howl and hold revelry in that fearful pass."¹

Through the Kicking-Horse Pass, so vividly and truthfully described by the writer just quoted, the Canadian Pacific engineers and workmen sent their two rails, and proceeded westward down the Ottetail River into the Lower Wapta cañon, where the mountains on either side—immense upheavals of Devonian and carboniferous stratification—rise vertically thousands of feet. "Down this vast chasm go the railway and the river together, the former crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of solid rock, and twisting and turning in every direction, and every minute plunging through projecting angles of rocks which seem to close the way. With the lowering cliffs almost shutting out the sunlight, and the roar of the river and the train increased an hundred-fold by the echoing walls, the passage of this terrible gorge can scarcely ever be forgotten."²

Not unfrequently the impracticability of driving tunnels through miles of solid rock forced the builders to hug the mountain-sides and lay their steel in notches, or shelves, cut along the face of the cliffs. This method of overcoming obstacles was resorted to not only in the Rockies, but on the lake sections as well. So that travellers have frequently the spectacle of waves lashing their wheels on one side, while lofty walls of rock rise sheer up on the other.

Difficulties of construction even greater than those already mentioned presented themselves in the Selkirk range, seventeen miles west of the Rockies. The intervening valley contains the Columbia River, along which the line was run, and pickets planted, till they touched the banks of the Beaver, an impetuous mountain torrent rushing along the foot of a mountain slope. Up this slope the engineers climbed and planted their tracing-

¹ *The New West*, p. 145.

² *Annot. Time-table*, p. 40.

pickets at a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, soon leaving the stream to let it wind its silvery length alone a thousand feet below. A chasm three hundred feet deep met them here, and a daring feat of engineering skill it was to bridge it with a slender trestle. Stony Creek bridge is one of the highest viaducts in the world. It stands in the air like a spider's web, two hundred and ninety-five feet above the water ; and the traveller grows dizzy as he looks down from his moving perch at the torrent beneath.

A narrow gorge led them into Roger Pass, a happy discovery made in 1883 by an explorer whose name it bears. This pass opened to the engineers the way to the summit of the Selkirk range. They ran their tracing lines down the valley of the Illicilliwaet, surrounded on every side by mountains of rock and glacier ice, bending and curving around like an immense serpent, and picked their way cautiously till they met the loop. There they were forced to give "the line several turns and twists, first crossing a valley leading down from Ross Peak glacier, touching for a moment on the base of Ross Peak, then doubling back to the right a mile or more upon itself to within a biscuit's toss ; then sweeping around to the left, touching Congar mountain on the other side of the Illicilliwaet, crossing again to the left, and at last shooting down the valley parallel with its former course. Looking back, the railway is seen cutting two long gashes, one above the other, on the mountain slope."¹

Lady Macdonald, in her description of her overland journey made some years ago, writes : " Perhaps no part of the line is more extraordinary, as evincing daring engineering skill, than the pass where the road-bed curves in loops over trestle-bridges of immense height, at the same time rapidly descending. In six miles of actual travelling the train advances only two miles and a half, so numerous are the windings necessary to get through the cañon."² For a time, it is said, engineers considered this obstruction offered by Nature simply insurmountable, but when they began to coil up and down mountain-sides, and jump from peak to peak, as in the present case, it is hard to see what natural barriers could not be overcome.

This is the last of the really difficult passages the engineers and workmen had to encounter, though the fierce and awe-inspiring Albert cañon, a gorge on the Illicilliwaet, offered dangers to builders sufficient to chill stout hearts. The author

¹ *Anno's Time-table*, p. 45.

² *Ibid.*, p. 46.

whom we have already quoted, speaking of this cañon, says, "It was the final effort of Nature to intensify all that is frightful." Imagine a gorge apparently ten or twelve feet wide at bottom, not more than thirty at the top, and three hundred feet deep, crooked and distorted; with jagged masses of rock projecting out through its broken walls. At the bottom a river seething and rushing headlong through it, beating against the rocks and breaking into foam with a deafening roar. In a notch on one side of this cañon the rails were laid, and travelled down through it till they met the gate, "Two walls of dark rock, each about two feet thick, twenty feet high, and ten feet wide, jutting out from each side of the cañon immediately opposite each other, leaving a space of ten feet in the centre. Through it the pent-up river roars with augmented maddening noise and turbulence. If the waters of the Illicilliwaet were wild before, they are now delirious as they dash with fury against their adamantine walls."¹

Through this narrow gorge the transcontinental rails ran and emerged into an open, forest-covered land to where they met the Columbia River a second time, and crossed it on a bridge half a mile long, entering by the Eagle Pass the Gold or Columbia range. This range of mountains offered less difficulties than the Rocky or the Selkirk, and comparatively rapid construction was the result, up to the moment the east and west bound builders met.

When the last spike was driven on the transcontinental route at Craigillachie by Sir Donald Smith, November 7, 1885, the company had still five years and a half left to complete its contract. It could point with pride to a road unique in the world for continuous length of rail, for the engineering difficulties surmounted, and for the future before it.

The writer recalls the evening, seven years ago, when "All aboard for Vancouver" was hailed for the first time in the Dalhousie Square Station, Montreal, and the first "through-train" moved out, amid indescribable enthusiasm, for its long six days' journey across the continent. The cheers that rose from the throats of ten thousand Canadians showed that the problem of complete intercolonial communication had been solved.

E. J. DEVINE.

¹ *The New West*, p. 149.

Personal Property.

ON a former occasion we found that in English law, Property is divided into Real and Personal, and we considered in outline the law of Real Property. The object of the present paper is to notice a few points connected with the law of Personal Property.

We saw that terms of years, or leaseholds, are called "chattels real," that they are personal property, and that the early law with its feudal institutions did not take much account of them. At the present day, however, they form a very important kind of property.

Such things as goods, horses, &c., in other words, such chattels as are not connected with any interest in land, are called "chattels personal," and they are the subjects of that absolute ownership which we saw could not attach to land.

Chattels interest in land are tenancies at will, tenancies from year to year, and leases for terms of years.

Tenancies at will are open to obvious inconveniences, and the law has long had a strong leaning towards construing a tenancy as one from year to year rather than as a tenancy at will where such a construction is possible.

Where a tenancy from year to year exists, it can be determined, or brought to an end, by either party giving a proper notice to the other. This notice, however, in the absence of express stipulation, must be given at least six months before the end of the current year of the tenancy. For instance, if the tenancy commenced at Christmas, it must end at Christmas, and the notice must be given, at latest, at the preceding midsummer. Supposing a tenancy of this kind commenced Christmas, 1893, and the landlord forgot to give notice until July, 1894, such notice will be bad, and the tenant is safe from disturbance until Christmas, 1895. In other words, if more than six months have been allowed to go by, a tenancy from year

to year must, in the absence of mutual agreement, last for at least two full years.

If the tenancy is one to which the Agricultural Holdings (England) Act, 1883, applies, a year's notice ending with a year of tenancy (instead of six months) is necessary, unless the landlord and tenant have agreed otherwise in writing.

A lease must generally be made by deed (that is, a writing sealed and delivered); but if it be for not more than three years, and at a rent of at least two-thirds of the full value, it may be made by verbal agreement.

A lease is given not only in consideration of the payment of rent, but also of the observance of the covenants, or undertakings contained in the deed.

These covenants, like those to which we referred in our former paper, as affecting freeholds, may be of an affirmative character, enjoining some active duty, *e.g.*, to build a wall on the property; or they may be in restriction of the use of the property.

A lease often contains a covenant binding the lessee not to underlet or part with the premises without the consent of the lessor. There is generally also a proviso to enable the lessor to re-enter and put an end to the tenancy where the rent is not paid, or the covenants are not observed. Such provisos have often been productive of great hardship, and it has therefore been provided by the Conveyancing Act, 1881, in order to obviate the harsh effects of an inconsiderate use of the lessor's power, that a notice in writing must be sent to the lessee specifying the breach of covenant complained of, so that he may have an opportunity, either of remedying it, or of making proper compensation to the lessor before he is turned out. This indulgence, however, does not extend to a covenant against assigning or underletting the land. The question, therefore, arose in *Barrow v. Isaacs*,¹ whether the Court would exercise its equitable jurisdiction to relieve a lessee who had broken such a covenant from forfeiting the property. The case was a very hard one, but Mr. Justice Day in the first place, and the Court of Appeal in the second, refused to allow it to make the proverbial bad law. The lease contained a covenant by the lessee not to underlet any part of the premises without the consent in writing of the lessor, which consent, however, it was agreed was not to be arbitrarily withheld in the case of

¹ (1891) 1 Q.B. 417.

a respectable and responsible person being proposed as sub-tenant. A power of re-entry was given to the lessor in case the lessee did not well and truly observe his covenants.

After having been in possession for some years the lessee underlet part of the premises to a tenant of perfect respectability, and to whom no possible objection could be made. But the solicitor for the original lessee who prepared the underlease forgot that the original lease contained this covenant, and the lessor's consent was not asked. The lessor having accidentally found out that this underlease had been made without his consent, brought an action to recover possession of the premises. It was held that the Court could not interfere to relieve the lessee against the forfeiture, although the lessor was suffering no injury whatever. The lessee accordingly lost his lease, and the uninjured lessor got back his property.

Of course a lessee who has not covenanted in this manner is free, and can, if he chooses, transfer the whole or part of his interest to another. If for instance, his term is for ninety-nine years and he has already been in possession for twenty years, he has evidently got seventy-nine years remaining unexpired. If he parts with the whole of this remaining term he is said to "assign" it; and here although he does not cease to be personally liable for the rent and on the covenants, yet the assignee, or person to whom he assigns the property, is bound to indemnify him against the consequences of any default in relation to these matters.

If he transfers only part of the term, *e.g.*, twenty-one years, he still has a reversion remaining in himself, and is said to give an underlease, or derivative lease. In this case his full liability to his own lessor still continues, but he usually makes his underlessee enter into similar covenants with himself, and indemnify him should any breach occur of which the original lessor might complain.

2.

A very common kind of security for money is a mortgage of land and houses, and, although it is carried out by means of a transfer of the legal estate in land, yet it forms part of the personal estate of the lender. The transaction arises in this way. Smith, who is the owner of some freehold or leasehold property, asks Jones to advance money on it, say £5,000. The first step is for Jones's solicitor to investigate very carefully

Smith's title to the land, and, if a good marketable title is shown, he draws the mortgage-deed, which is subsequently perused by Jones's solicitor. When the money is advanced and the deed is executed (that is, signed, sealed, and delivered), the transaction is complete. Jones has both the personal liability of Smith to repay him, and also the security of the property itself to depend upon. Smith's right to recover his land on payment of principal, interest, and costs, is called his *equity of redemption*. If he wishes to pay off his mortgage he should give the mortgagee, Jones, six months' notice, or six months' interest in lieu of notice. When the money is repaid he will be entitled to have the property conveyed back to himself, or as he may direct. If on the other hand Jones requires the repayment of his money, and it is not forthcoming, there are five remedies in his hands :

1. He can sue Smith on his personal covenant.
2. He can bring an action for foreclosure in the Chancery Division, and then, if the principal, interest, and costs are not paid on the day finally named by the Court, the property is for ever forfeited to Jones, unless the Court should order a sale in lieu of foreclosure.
3. He may enter into possession of the property. This remedy, however, is seldom adopted, because, if the property is subsequently redeemed, a very strict account of receipts and expenditure is always exacted from a mortgagee in possession.
4. The most effectual remedy in the generality of cases would be for Jones to sell the property. He then retains out of the purchase-money his £5,000 together with interest and costs, and pays over the balance, if any, to Smith. This power of sale is sometimes contained in the mortgage-deed, but is now generally omitted in reliance on the Conveyancing Act, 1881, which confers such a power, but provides that it shall not be used unless notice has been served upon the mortgagor, and default in payment has been made for three months after such notice ; or unless the interest has not been paid for two months after the proper time ; or unless there has been a breach of some provision contained in the mortgage-deeds, or in the Conveyancing Act.
5. He has also the power of appointing a receiver of the income of the mortgaged property.

3.

Stocks and shares nowadays form an important kind of Personal Property.

Stock in the Funds is a personal annuity; it is the right to receive a certain annual sum, subject to the right of the Government to redeem the annuity on payment of a stipulated sum, which sum is the nominal value of the stock. Thus £100 two and three-quarters per cent Consolidated Stock (Consols as they are called), is a right to receive £2 15s. per annum in quarterly dividends, until the 4th of April, 1903, and £2 10s. per annum after that date (it being then reduced). This stock is not redeemable until April 8, 1923.¹

The development of trade has brought into prominence, companies of various kinds, the capital for the working of which is subscribed by the public. We will therefore say a few words on the two principal kinds of companies, looking at the matter from the shareholders' point of view.

1. Companies may be incorporated by special Act of Parliament. And in this case, in order to secure uniformity, and for the sake of convenience, the special Act usually incorporates the Companies Clauses Consolidation Act, 1845, and the Acts amending it, these statutes containing many provisions of general application to companies.

In a company of this kind the members are (in the absence of special provision to the contrary) only liable so far as their shares are unpaid. Thus where a man holds a £10 share, only £2 of which is paid, he is under a liability to pay £8, if and when required. A certificate given by the company is the shareholder's evidence of title to his shares.

A register of shareholders is kept, and can be rectified by the Court on the application of any one who shows that his name has been either inserted or omitted improperly.

A member's shares are transferred to another person by deed, and a memorial of the transfer is entered in a register kept by the company for the purposes.

2. Another kind of company is a Joint Stock Company incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862, and governed by that Act and the amending statutes.

Here the "Memorandum of Association" forms what may be called the charter of the company, defining its powers. It

¹ See Williams' *Principles of the Law of Personal Property*.

sets forth the liability of the members, whether it is to be unlimited or limited ; and, if the latter, whether such liability is limited to the amount (if any) unpaid on the shares, or to such amount as the members may guarantee or undertake to pay in the event of the company being wound up.

The internal affairs of the company are regulated by the "Articles of Association."

The shares are transferable as provided by the regulations of the company. If the shares are not fully paid up, "calls" may from time to time be made by the company, when the shareholders will have to pay the sums for which application is made, up to the amount of their shares.

Shares when fully paid up are sometimes turned into stock. Share warrants may generally be issued in respect of fully paid-up shares or stock, and these warrants may be transferred by delivery.

Debentures are given to secure the repayment of money to creditors of the company. They usually constitute a charge on the property of the company ; but sometimes they are nothing more than an undertaking to pay the amount and interest, in which case they are often of little value.

Debenture stock is a right to a perpetual annuity. It forms a higher class of security than the ordinary stock of, or shares in, a company, because it is charged on the undertaking of the company in priority to all other stocks and shares.

If a company makes default in payment, any creditor may file a petition in the Chancery Division, or in some cases in the County Court, for the winding up of the Company. This forms a kind of bankruptcy of the company, and the property will be applied in satisfaction of the liabilities.

Companies may also be wound up voluntarily, or under the supervision of the Court.

By the Companies (winding-up) Act, 1890, the liquidation of a company is subjected to the control of the Board of Trade. A committee of inspection may be appointed ; and it is the duty of the official receiver to call the attention of the Court to matters which seem to require investigation respecting the promotion, formation, or failure of the company. There are also provisions for examining on oath persons who have taken part in the promotion, formation, or direction of the company, and for obtaining restitution from delinquents. An attempt has been made to deal with the great dishonesty which too

often prevails amongst persons interested in the formation and subsequent winding up of rotten companies, but those of our readers who have studied the important article in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by His Honour Judge Emden, will see that much remains to be done, and that the law is still inadequate to stamp out the evil.

4.

One great point of difference between Real and Personal Property is found in the mode of their devolution on the death of the owner.

1. The Real Property either goes to the devisee named by the deceased in his will, or if there is no will, or a will silent on the subject, then to the heir-at-law. And here we may remark that the heir in English law bears very little resemblance to the *heres* of the ancient Roman law. The latter was appointed by the testator and was in the fullest sense the representative of the deceased, and as it were carried on his personality. We have no such person in the English law. The heir in England is the person, ascertained by elaborate rules, who, if the testator has not otherwise provided in his will, becomes entitled to the land. In Rome the heir was made by the testator, in England the heir is made by the law, and a testator cannot make him; and even if he devises his land to the very person who would have been his heir, say his eldest son, such son does not take in his character of heir, but as devisee under the will.

2. The Personal Property to which the deceased was entitled devolves upon the executor appointed by will; or, if the deceased left no will, to the administrator appointed by the Probate Division of the High Court.

This then is the great distinction: on the death of the owner his land goes to his heir or devisee (that is, the person to whom he has left it by will), while his personal estate devolves in the first place upon his legal personal representative, that is to say, his executor or administrator. On some future occasion we hope to consider what are the duties of the legal personal representative with respect to the personal property of the deceased.

WILLIAM C. MAUDE.

An Anglican Theory of the Church.

SECOND ARTICLE.

III.

BRAMHALL'S RULE OF FAITH.

IT is evident after what we have seen of the General Council that Bramhall's Rule of Faith does not include any mention of the Catholic Church as part of its formal definition. And though he does, in his Introduction, speak of the "Infallible Rule of Faith, *i.e.*, the Holy Scriptures interpreted by the Catholic Church;"¹ yet by this clause he does not mean to repose any trust in the decisions of General Councils, or in any authoritative utterances of the Church; but, as is clear from many other passages, merely to place *some* restriction on private judgment, since no man may run full counter to what is notoriously the universal belief of Christendom. For in one place he expressly denies the truth of the definition, "That Faith is founded on the authority of Christ speaking by the mouth of His Church," and will only allow "that Faith is founded on the Divine authority and revelation, and deposited with the Church;"² thus carefully excluding the idea of an authoritative and living voice in the Church, and restricting her closely to the office of "witness and keeper of the sacred oracles,"³ to whose custody the Apostles have committed the Creed as a perfect rule and canon of Faith, which comprehendeth all points absolutely necessary to salvation."⁴ But nowhere is she credited with such a power of interpretation as carries with it an absolute authority over private judgment. To every individual man is given "a judgment of discretion" proving all things, and holding fast that which is good, and framing his life and belief accordingly, but always within due bounds of obedience to lawful superiors. The pastors of the Church have besides this a "judgment of

¹ II. 22.

² I. 71.

³ I. 52.

⁴ I. 278.

direction" to expound and interpret, to instruct, guide, and confute. The chief pastors of the Church have beyond this a "judgment of jurisdiction"—to prescribe, to enjoin, to ensure and condemn, but these are "finally accountable to a General Council as the highest judge of controversies."¹ What that means we have already seen. A General Council has the power of a policeman, to keep the public peace. Its doctrinal decisions are subject to the criticism of private judgment. This is what "Interpretation by the Catholic Church" means—that a General Council may make an attempt, and the faithful may criticize it. The decisions of the first four General Councils are only accepted as final because "the primitive Fathers were under Scripture the best exponents thereof,"² and "the Pastors of the Apostolic Church had great authority indeed as honourable arbiters and depositaries, but had no sovereign jurisdiction,"³ and because "no doctrine is to be religiously held or believed as necessary, which the Catholic Fathers and old Bishops of the primitive Church have not collected out of Scripture."⁴ As far, therefore, as the Church is a teaching institution (and not a mere aggregate of individual souls), she is nothing more than a kind of public librarian; a keeper of old documents—and a sort of police officer, to suppress the clamour when disputes on their meaning become too loud. And the infallibility of the Church is limited to the preserving of these documents in a usable and obtainable form. "For," says Bramhall, "I believe the whole essential Church to be so far infallible as is necessary for attaining salvation."⁵ "But the Scriptures comprehend all truths necessary for salvation."⁶ Therefore, the Church's infallibility as a teaching institution is preserved so long as the Scriptures are kept in existence and in reach of all who wish to use them.

Whatever is admitted into the field of faith besides the Holy Scriptures, is admitted only as accessory to them. The early Creeds are admitted, because "collected by the early Fathers out of Scripture."⁷ "All genuine, universal, apostolic tradition" is admitted, because "to such as are froward the perpetual practice and tradition of the Church render the interpretation of a text more authentic and the proof more convincing,"⁸ being an excellent help to exposition, since use is the best interpreter of laws.⁹

¹ I. 50.² II. 40.³ II. 280.⁴ I. 52.⁵ II. 92.⁶ I. 49.⁷ I. 52.⁸ I. 53.⁹ *Ibid.*

Concerning the Holy Scripture, therefore, Bramhall believes "that God, to supply the defect of human reason, has given to us the Holy Scriptures—which have not their authority from the writing, which is human, but from the revelation, which is Divine,¹ that is, from the Holy Ghost. And since the purpose of the Holy Ghost was to supply the defect of natural reason—and it is blasphemy to say that He could or would not attain to it—it follows that the Scriptures comprehend all necessary supernatural truths."² "These Holy Scriptures are more properly to be called a *Rule* of supernatural truth than its Judge"—not occupying the place of a magistrate in a civil controversy, but the place of the law by which the case is to be judged—"the *rule* by which to judge what is right and what is wrong."³

By this he means to say that the faith is wholly contained in the Scripture, and is there to be sought first-hand—this being the reverse of the Catholic position, viz., that the whole substance of faith is deposited in the Church as a living institution, and is rather borne witness to by Scripture than the witness of Scripture—in the absence of which the Church would still subsist in the perfection of its faith. The difference was beautifully illustrated by Newman, when yet an Anglican, when he compared the Madonna and Child with the Madonna on Calvary—the Anglican view supposing the truth to be entirely objective and detached, not (as in the Roman theory) lying hid in the bosom of the Church as if one with her, clinging to and, as it were, lost in her embrace; but as being sole and unapproachable, as on the Cross and at the Resurrection, with the Church close by, but in the background.⁴

Such is Bramhall's position. According to his view, the Church stands by, incapable of working on her sacred deposit as a living keeper and teacher guided and inspired by the Holy Ghost; not having even the power authoritatively to pronounce on its inspiration and canonicity, but merely preserving the Book intact, and handing it to the faithful to read the super-

¹ How the authenticity and inspiration and canon of Scripture is to be established, it is not easy to see. It cannot be believed on the authority of the Church. It must therefore be manifested by historic evidence supplied through the medium of the Church, and by intrinsic evidence of the Scriptures themselves.

² I. 49. Since the Holy Ghost must have attained His end, it follows that He only intended as much Scripture to be understood and necessary for salvation as *is* actually understood or can easily be understood by all, and that without any opening for dispute.

³ I. 49.

⁴ *Apologia*, p. 205.

natural character of the Bible standing out independently before the world, leading the faithful to acknowledge it, and not its keeper, to be the one sole messenger from God to man, the one comprehensive and infallible Rule of Faith.

IV.

BRAMHALL'S IDEA OF COMMUNION AND OF THE UNITY
OF THE CHURCH.

Having in the previous sections seen the legislative and teaching authority of the Church reduced to a mere restrictive force, and every exercise of its functions subordinated to the authority of the King, while every ground of faith is reduced to the private interpretation of Holy Scripture, we cannot look for a high ideal when we come to view the Church of Bramhall from the standpoint of unity. What we most naturally do find is a hopeless confusion between the "soul" and "body" of the Church, a trick of shifting the ground to the Invisible Church, whenever a difficulty occurs about the Visible Unity, and a propensity to hedge in all definite statements by such saving clauses as make it impossible either to pin the writer down in his argument, or to lay fair hold on the Church he is professing to describe. This will be manifest in the following synopsis :

"The Catholic Church is the whole Church of Christ spread throughout the world"¹—"a *totum homogeneum*, in which every particular Church and person participates in the same name ;² a society, the essentials of which consist in an entire profession of saving truth, a right use of the Word and sacraments, and an Union under lawful pastors."³ "But this essentiality must not be pushed too far, since not every point of true faith, not every rite and sacramental ceremony, not every part of right discipline, are essential. Even if the essentials be imperfect, they still contribute a being to a Church ; and the lowest degree of saving faith, sacramental Communion, and ecclesiastical discipline that ever was in the Catholic Church, is sufficient to preserve the true being of a Church."⁴

These extraordinary statements provide nothing tangible, but involve a vicious circle. If we could first make clear the exact limits of the Church, then we could find out the minimum of essentials that had ever been within it. But, the limits of the Church being in dispute, we cannot decide how low a "degree

¹ I. 109.² I. 109.³ II. 26.⁴ II. 26.

of essentials" is essential. Nor, till we know precisely in what the essentials consist, can we by them determine the limits of the Church.

When he comes to speak of the infallibility of the Church, he dare not deny it, for Scripture and the Fathers are against him; nor dare he confess that the visible Church is visibly infallible, for that would be to yield up his own position. So he runs off to a vague and invisible infallibility, whose existence none can verify, and which he places in the *Essential* Church. "This," he says, "is so far infallible as is necessary for attaining its end, which is salvation."¹ Nor can "the gates of Hell prevail against the *Universal* Church," nor can "the *Catholic* Church be guilty of idolatry, nor the *Œcumenical* Church guilty of tyranny."² These shifting acknowledgments amount merely to this: that the total defection of all Christendom is providentially impossible; that there will never be a time when there are not some who hold and believe the true essentials of salvation.

Short of this, the Church can go wrong in all its parts in every possible way. "Patriarchal Churches can err and clash with the Universal Church;"³ (though, since "the Catholic Church has no existence but in its parts,"⁴ it is difficult to see how its parts can clash with the whole, and yet remain true parts). "Any patriarchal Church may apostatize and fail."⁵ "A man may differ from each and every divided part of the Church, from some in one thing, from some in others, . . . and yet maintain a perfect union with the Catholic Church united."⁶ "Errors and innovations and sinful duties may be imposed by particular Churches,"⁷ so that every man's duty is to separate from them on risk of salvation;⁸ and formal schism and heretical pravity may be fallen into by a Church, and yet that Church retain its place in the Catholic communion,⁹ because in midst of its sinfulness and errors it shall retain the essentials of a true Church,"¹⁰ these essentials being, as we have seen, the three Creeds and first four Councils.

The same convenient ambiguity is continued in treating of the tests of communion: "*Internal* communion is necessary for all Christians."¹¹ "*External* communion may be suspended or broken for several reasons,"¹² and sometimes is required to be broken as an imperative duty."¹³ Yet when we come to

¹ II. 92; II. 82. ² I. 42. ³ I. 101. ⁴ I. 100. ⁵ I. 43. ⁶ II. 82.

⁷ I. 105; II. 45, *passim*. ⁸ II. 57, 58; I. 262, &c. ⁹ II. 43, *passim*.

¹⁰ II. 55; II. 38. ¹¹ I. 104. ¹² I. 105, 106. ¹³ I. 106, 167, &c.

examine the matter, we find that the three principal conditions of external communion coincide with the three essentials of the Church as a society.

The three great conditions of External Communion are : *The three essentials of the Church as a society are :*

I.

"To hold the same Creeds."

I.

"An entire profession of saving truth."

II.

"To participate in the same sacraments and liturgies."

II.

"A right use of the Word and sacraments."

III.

"To admit the same discipline and subjection to authority."¹

III.

"An Union under lawful pastors."²

In the face of this it is difficult to see how the Church as a society retains its essentials (*i.e.*, continues to be a society), when bereft of external communion. But the consequent dilemma is avoided by the usual saving clauses: "That essentiality must not be pressed too far,"³ "and that actual communion is not of like obligation in all matters, . . . and separation is sometimes necessary," &c.⁴ Such shadowy and shifting positions are not worth pursuing, and we leave the reader with ample references to study the matter for himself, if he thinks it worth the while.⁵

When we come to *Internal* communion, which is "absolutely necessary for all Christians,"⁶ we find it to consist, first, in "a belief in the same entire substance of saving truth revealed by the Apostles."⁷ At the same time, to know exactly what is essential is declared to be "a curious, needless, and unprofitable speculation."⁸ A convenient but arbitrary standard is taken in the "Apostles' Creed as expounded in the first four General Councils,"⁹ and "to exclude from communion of the Catholic Church any who hold these essentials, is a breach of internal communion."¹⁰ "One must also be ready implicitly to receive and embrace all other supernatural verities when sufficiently proposed,"¹¹ that is, as we have seen, when on proposal, say by

¹ I. 104.

² II. 26.

³ II. 26.

⁴ I. 105, 106, &c.

⁵ I. 98—113; II. 23—49, *passim*, most of the passages being quoted in this article.

⁶ I. 104.

⁷ I. 103.

⁸ II. 279.

⁹ II. 279.

¹⁰ I. 103.

¹¹ I. 103.

a General Council, they have convinced our conscience and judgment of their intrinsic truth.¹ Besides these conditions, a general charity and sympathy, mutual prayer, and a desire for actual communion as far as this is "possible and right, are also necessary for internal communion."²

The consequences which follow from these terms would be amusing, were it not for the sad spectacle which the Church of Christ is thus made to present. Let us take a survey of her limits as defined by Bramhall. Most prominently of all she includes in her bosom the Church of Rome, "long ago departed from the primitive Church by errors, innovations, abuses, and sinful obligations,"³ "and causally guilty of all the separation and schism in Christendom,"⁴ so that it is lawful, nay, necessary on pain of damnation to separate from her,⁵ and those who hold and support her errors are only excusable out of invincible ignorance⁶ of the charge of formal schism. To join whose communion is "to plunge oneself into great and real dangers both of schism and idolatry and heresy,"⁷ to "make salvation difficult,"⁸ and in short to become separate from the Gospel of Christ.⁹ In happy contrast to this degenerate and corrupt and mischief-breeding, yet "true metaphysical part"¹⁰ of her communion, the Church also embraces the miscellaneous "Eastern divisions of Christendom" seemingly without exception,¹¹ "most of whom have a perfect concord among themselves and with the primitive Church in all essentials, as holding the same creeds,"¹² "only charged with schism because they deny the Pope's supremacy,"¹³ and as for heresy, "they are called Nestorians who have nothing of Nestorius but the name; Eutychians, who are in truth orthodox enough;" some "refusing to add *filiogue*, but in truth holding the same sense;"¹⁴ "charged with superstition, but not convicted; who have certain inusitate expressions about the procession of the Holy Ghost and the union of the two natures, not frequent among us, but their sense is the same as ours,"¹⁵ the great proof of their orthodoxy being that they exact of no man belief in more than the three Creeds and four General Councils.¹⁶

¹ II. 279; II. 91. ² I. 103. ³ II. 43, 45, 57, &c. ⁴ II. 45; I. 277.

⁵ II. 57, 58; I. 262; I. 200, &c. ⁶ II. 43, 59, 205; I. 47. ⁷ II. 44. ⁸ II. 59.

⁹ I. 81. ¹⁰ II. 38. ¹¹ II. 35. ¹² II. 86. ¹³ II. 260. ¹⁴ II. 260. ¹⁵ II. 61.

¹⁶ II. 61. We must of course make every allowance for Bramhall's ignorance concerning the Eastern Churches—an ignorance which greatly prevails even to-day among people who talk glibly enough of the limits of Catholic communion among Eastern sects.

In her bosom, too, she includes those continental and (though Bramhall dare not say it for fear of consequences) also those English Protestants who ignore or stand in want of Episcopacy. For though they stand thus deprived of an essential,¹ yet many of them "approve and desire it," and only "lack it out of invincible necessity," while others who do not desire it, "err out of invincible ignorance;"² besides which, as the essentials being imperfect yet contribute a being to a Church,³ so because these Churches are not completely formed, it is not right to esteem them aliens from the commonwealth of Israel."⁴

Lastly, as the one bright oasis in the desert of error and confusion with which the essentials of the Church are everywhere overloaded, there is the Church of England, who "with both sufficient authority and sufficient grounds and with due moderation,"⁵ "urged moreover by imperative duty,"⁶ and to avoid the danger of damnation, separated herself from the corrupt communion of Rome, and "withdrew her communion from all other Churches in Christendom in all points in which they had departed from their predecessors,"⁷ without however censuring them for their innovations and errors;⁸ and having reduced her own belief and practice to that of primitive Christianity,⁹ ever continues to hold "communion with them all in desire, longing for their conversion and reunion with her in truth."¹⁰

And as in reviewing this lamentable picture of Christ's Church, thus overloaded with "superstition and dangers to salvation,"¹¹ her every part mutilated and deprived of all external glory, her ruined condition the mockery of unbelievers, we begin to wonder in what sense the Church of Christ on earth can be called Christ's Bride. Bramhall himself supplies the answer:

"I know it is said that 'Christ hath given Himself for His Church to sanctify it and cleanse it and present to it Himself a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle.' But that is to be understood inchoatively in this life, the perfection and consummation thereof is to be expected in the life to come."¹²

Yes! But which of the primitive Fathers would have said *that* in the same sense? Where is that visible unity, that distinct outline, that divinely guided authority: that Church

¹ II. 26.² II. 71.³ II. 26.⁴ II. 71.⁵ I. 165.⁶ Reference above.⁷ II. 35.⁸ II. 36.⁹ II. 39.¹⁰ I. 200.¹¹ I. 43.¹² II. 39.

set before us as one, My dove, My spotless one, the elect of her that bare her;¹ one with a sacrament of unity, a bond of concord inseparably cohering:² that unity which cannot be separated or divided against itself, the unity of an inseparable and undivided household:³ that hostelry of unanimity, the house of God, in which men dwell with one mind, in concord and singleness enduring:⁴ that Body of Christ, which, with the Head, make up the whole Christ, husband and wife two in one flesh:⁵ that Spouse who cannot become adulterate:⁶ that oneness like the oneness of Christ and the Father, proceeding from the Divine Immutability, cohering in celestial sacraments, and not capable of being sundered in the Church, and split by the force of antagonistic wills,⁷ whose people are joined in solid oneness of body by a cementing concord, which cannot be sundered;⁸ to which if a man hold not, he holds not the law of God, or the truth to salvation:⁹ in relation to which a schismatic is to be reckoned as a Gentile:¹⁰ that inheritance of Christ established in all nations and yet secure against all heresies, which are shut out of the inheritance.¹¹ Where is that Church, whose indefectibility and unity is thus described, and which as such cannot be hid, but must be recognized in every part of the world?¹² The City set on a hill, hidden from no one and everywhere most conspicuous.¹³

If Bramhall's conception of the Church be true, alas!

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

What primitive Father would recognize it shorn of all the visible glory of the spotless Bride of Christ?

But if the Successor of St. Peter be still in effect as well as in theory the centre of unity, and communion with him be the test of communion with the Catholic Church, then the Church is still everything that the writings of the Fathers describe it to be: the visible and living messenger of God to men.

ERNEST REGINALD HULL.

¹ Cypr. *Unity*, p. 134.

² *Ib.* p. 136.

³ Cypr. *Ep.* p. 222.

⁴ Cypr. *Unity*, p. 137.

⁵ Aug. *contra Donat.* iv. 7.

⁶ Cypr. *Unity*, p. 135.

⁷ Cypr. *Unity*, 135.

⁸ *Ib.* 148.

⁹ *Ib.* 135.

¹⁰ Cypr. *Ep.* 225.

¹¹ Aug. *contra Petilian.* p. 252.

¹² Aug. *contra Parmen.* iii. v. 28.

¹³ Aug. *Donat.* xxv. 72; *Petil.* p. 297. The above references are as follows: St. Cyprian's works, Oxford (English) edition; St. Augustine, *contra Petilian.* T. and T. Clarke's edition; *contra Donat.* and *Parmen.* Venice, 1733.

Early Anglican Divines on Episcopacy.

NOTE BY MR. FIRMINER.

*The Universities' Mission to Central Africa,
Ng'ambo, Zanzibar,
Feast of St. Peter's Chains, 1894.*

SIR,—The numbers of *THE MONTH* for the early part of 1894 have been forwarded me at my distant mission station. I notice that an exception to the ordinary rule of your periodical has been made in favour of my opponent Dr. Child. I feel certain that, in justice and courtesy, you will not deny me the right of brief reply.

1. Firstly, I would apologize to Dr. Child while he is in the way for imputing lack of candour to his treatment of Whitgift. I am sorry for having used such strong terms to describe what I now think was but a blunder. But for all that I am sorely perplexed by Father Smith's explanation. The Father says that, "without the Hatfield Calendar it was not unnatural for Dr. Child to gather from a superficial inspection of Strype's reference that Whitgift was the author of the letters." A "superficial inspection" was just what I complained of, and Dr. Child too had the Hatfield Calendar, at least to correct his text by, for he quotes it two pages later. I am sorry that your reviewer did not suffer me to say the last word on this broken link in the Doctor's catena. He simply proceeds to attack a statement which I had emended on my page of *corrigenda*.

Dr. Child admits "the blot in his note," but his manner of erasing it is far from satisfactory. He still refuses to consider the fact that, as Strype points out, the document drawn up was the work of a party opposed to the then Archbishop. On March 20th, 1583, Sir F. Knollys had written to Walsingham, complaining that, "my Lord Archbishop and the rest take a dangerous course against her majesties supreme government, for they do claim a superiority of their government to be knit

to their bishoprics *jure divino*." So far Collier,¹ but Strype may continue: "Shall I carry the history of this argument a little further as I find it, since the Archbishop was so much concerned in it, striking chiefly at him in the overthrow of the Church of England by building it only upon a political foundation? For the proving of which there was about this time a discourse cunningly formed to confute their superiority. It was put into the same Mr. Treasurer's hands to manage for the party."² Such is the history of the document which Dr. Child, and after him Father Smith, have first attributed to Whitgift, and then, when the mistake was acknowledged, cited to illustrate Whitgift's opinions.

2. I should fancy that Whitgift's views were to a great extent transitory, and that in this respect he marks the change from Jewell to Bilson. I certainly am not of opinion that he condemned the so-called reformed Churches, but I do not believe that he suffered their ministers to intrude into England. I do not accept Father Smith's—to my mind altogether arbitrary—interpretation of Whitgift's marginal replies to Travers, and I notice too that your review does not reply to the passage I cited as bearing on 13 Eliz. c. 12.

3. I said that Cosin was mistaken both as to facts and the law in his famous letter to Gunning. As to the facts I could not now review what I have said in my pamphlet as to the Whittingham case, but I would simply reassert that the Dean's lack of episcopal ordination was strongly urged against him. Your reviewer has not—and in his space he could not be expected to examine all my evidence, but until this is done I cannot retract my conclusion. Might I call Dr. Child's attention to the Rev. J. R. Lunn's letter in the *Church Times* for January 19th, 1894, for the Thwaites case?

As to the law, I venture to think that the Doctor illustrates my contention by his reference to Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*. Why on Cosin's showing was the younger Du Moulin ordained a deacon? Here, again, I must not repeat what I have said in my pamphlet.

I cannot see how Parker's remark cited by the Doctor in his letter helps your case: to derive the English episcopate "not from Pope Gregory, who sent over Augustine the monk, but from Joseph of Arimathea," savours of the *Church Defence Society*

¹ Collier, *Eccles. Hist. Eng.* vol. ix. pp. 1351, 1352. 1840.

² Strype, *Memorials of Whitgift*, vol. i. pp. 600, 601.

rather than of sixteenth century Erastianism. It is doubtful history, but it asserts rather than denies continuity. I suppose the implication is that St. Joseph as an unordained person was a precedent for Dr. Perowne's syncretic re-union scheme!

In my pamphlet I have over and over again deplored the too friendly attitude of the (so-called) "early Anglican divines" towards the foreign (*i.e.*, the Calvinistic) reformed Churches: and I have also shown that one who had gone far in this direction lived to regret it himself. I have also admitted the possibility of intrusions of unordained persons into the cure of souls. My point has been to show that these intrusions were but evasions of the law and these unfortunate admissions of the intolerable were but the judgments—the tentative and inconsistent judgments—of individuals who could no more commit the Church one way, than Archbishop Wake or Dr. Pusey could commit it to the other.

4. Dr. Child hits hard, and I am sure he will forgive me if I have too vigorously returned his blows. I am very sorry for having doubted his good faith, and trust he will accept this apology, made as it is *coram hostibus*. I must thank Father Smith for his kind and courteous notice of my pamphlet. I regret deeply anything which tends to further separate Roman and Anglican, and I should have been more than delighted if my work had served to dissipate the unnecessary asperity of bygones. Despite the disclaimer of my many Roman friends, I still pray for the day when we shall again be one flock guided by the pastor to whom Jesus has granted a glorious leadership. Round the Primacy of St. Peter's Western Chair, we Anglicans would fain gather and with us we would desire to bring those Eastern Churches now even farther than ourselves from the *normal* centre of unity. Many obstacles block the way for the present, but it was to the removal of some of these my pamphlet was designed to minister.

Father Smith thinks that I have failed: I cannot follow the Father in his reasons for so thinking, but I am sure that, knowing something of me personally, he will admit that my end was at least a high one, and that if I have used "strong anti-Roman language," it was not because I loved Rome the less, but because the end was so dear to me.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely in Jesus,

WALTER H. FIRMINGER.

[As Dr. Child's letter was admitted into THE MONTH for last May, Mr. Firminger has certainly some claims to have his reply admitted as well. The apology to Dr. Child was to be expected from an evidently well-intentioned writer, and we are happy to be the vehicle of its expression. As to the criticisms on THE MONTH article (April, 1894), we cannot see that they impair the force of what is there urged.

1. Mr. Firminger complains that we attacked a statement emended in his list of *corrigenda*. The question is as to the attitude towards Archbishop Whitgift of Dr. Hammond, the great ecclesiastical lawyer in the reign of Elizabeth, the man who wrote the document¹ in which it is said that "if it had pleased Her Majesty to have assigned the imposition of hands to the Deans of every Cathedral Church, or some other number of ministers which in no sort were Bishops, but as they be pastors, there had been no wrong done to their person that I can conceive." Mr. Firminger, in the text of his tract on the *Attitude of the Church of England to Non-Episcopal Ordinations*, spoke of this Dr. Hammond as Whitgift's "implacable opponent," thereby suggesting that he belonged to the Puritan party, and that his views could not in consequence be taken to represent the current belief of the responsible Anglican ecclesiastics. Against this we pointed out that Hammond was not a member of the party then attacking Whitgift, but "a grave, learned man" (as he is called by the person who drew up the abstract of his opinion for Whitgift's use), to whom Knollys, on behalf of the Puritans, referred "as to one whose opinion would have great weight with Burghley." Mr. Firminger now points out that in his *corrigenda* he had somewhat modified the statement in his text, by styling Hammond "the agent of his implacable opponent." But, in the first place, there is no practical difference between an "implacable opponent" and the "agent" selected to set forth his arguments; and in the second place, Hammond is not rightly called an agent, nor has Strype any evidence for so describing him, if indeed he means so to describe him. Indeed, Hammond rather snubs Knollys in the sentence immediately preceding that quoted, telling him that "the Bishops of this realm do not (so far as I ever yet heard) . . . claim to themselves any greater authority" than that of delegates of the Crown, and thereby suggesting that Knollys is making a fuss about a purely imaginary grievance.

2. Mr. Firminger had interpreted 13 Eliz. c. 12, as rejecting all Presbyterian Orders whatever, those conferred on members of foreign Protestant communities as well as those conferred on English Puritans. This interpretation he thinks conclusively proved by a marginal note of Whitgift's, appended to the Reasons of Travers the Puritan, and he animadvert on our having omitted to deal with it. It was not possible, as Mr. Firminger allows, to deal with everything in a short article, and we passed over this as not seeming to us to raise

¹ See Strype's *Whitgift*, vol. iii. bk. iii. n. 43.

any new difficulty. In his previous marginal note on the case of Whittingham, Whitgift had allowed an essential difference between Presbyterian Orders conferred on a British subject and the same conferred by foreign presbyteries on their own members. In the light of this statement of opinion and the distinct statement of Cosin, which we did quote, that 13 Eliz. c. 12, was not held to exclude the ministrations of *foreigners* having *foreign* Presbyterian Orders, it seemed to us sufficiently clear that in the note to which Mr. Firminger now calls attention, Whitgift, though using language not sufficiently guarded from misconception on another score, merely meant that the law cited did not extend its favour to such an ordination as Travers had received.

3. What we wrote last April still seems to us decisive in establishing that, had Whittingham been able to supply what they considered judicial proof of his Genevan ordination, the Commissioners would have felt bound to accept it. But Mr. Firminger misses the main point urged against him, namely, that Bishop Cosin's authority as a witness to "the law and the facts" of his time is too good to be set aside by his critic's inferences. We have not yet had the opportunity of investigating Mr. Lunn's references to the cases of Townsend and Thwaites, or the statement of Hacket about Du Moulin, but at best they only affect the cases themselves. The words of Parker were cited by Dr. Child, not by ourselves, and we did not at the time see their relevance. Mr. Firminger urges that the judgments of individual Anglican Bishops and writers do not commit the Church. This is just one of the points on which Anglican writers are so impracticable. If they find in an early Anglican writer a passage favourable to their views, they at once claim him as a witness to the belief of his Church, whereas, if they find a passage which displeases them, they at once dismiss it as a mere erroneous private opinion. Our argument was set on firmer foundations, and appealed to the *character* of the statements cited. When a well-informed writer, like Cosin, gives us to understand that a certain opinion was *generally* accepted by the representative members of his Church, he is a witness to the belief of his Church, and does not merely declare a private opinion.

4. For Mr. Firminger's aspirations after unity with a Papal Primacy (not Supremacy) for its centre, although well knowing their hopelessness, we have nothing but a feeling of friendly sympathy. May we hope that they will lead him to recognize a *presumption* on behalf of the present Papal claims, and to an endeavour to examine without bias the evidences to which they appeal?]

Reviews.

I.—THE PERFECTION OF MAN BY CHARITY.¹

FATHER REGINALD BUCKLER provides us with a little book, which he rightly calls a spiritual treatise, but which treats spirituality from a theological rather than from an ascetic point of view. Following closely in the footsteps of St. Thomas, whose luminous words he frequently quotes, he lays down the nature of the spiritual perfection after which we should be striving. This perfection consists primarily and essentially in charity, the charity, that is to say, by which we love God. "In man, his essential perfection is placed in charity, that is, the habit of Divine love, the bond of union with God, this being the end of existence—a charity which is at once affective and effective, that is, a habit of love disposed to its acts, or an operative habit. The accidental perfection of man consists in the assemblage of virtues that cluster round charity, and help him to serve God in his particular state of life, adorn his soul with a varied beauty, and aid him to accomplish his daily works promptly, easily, and sweetly." When this distinction between what is essential and what is accidental in spiritual perfection has been grasped, it is seen in what sense the religious life is a state of perfection. All certainly, whether in the cloister or in the world, are invited to perfection, and can attain to it. But a Religious by his vows binds himself to strive after it, and the matter of the vows is what is called instrumental perfection, that is to say, they largely remove the principal obstacles to the charity in which perfection essentially consists. Thus the entire tenour of his life, if he keeps his vows, is to aid him powerfully towards perfection, and as his vows make his condition to be a stable one, he is said to be in a *state* of perfection, of perfection striven for, not necessarily attained.

¹ *The Perfection of Man by Charity.* By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns and Oates.

Having laid down the nature of perfection, Father Buckler passes on in the second division of his treatise to analyze the life of charity, and discover how it is to be preserved and increased.

2.—FATHER SPILLMANN'S HISTORICAL TALES.¹

These attractive volumes may on several accounts be recommended to those in search of German books for their own reading, or for use in the class-room. The stories which they contain are well-written and interesting, they are by no means too difficult even for one but moderately skilled in the language, while at the same time they are, in modern phrase, quite up to date, and help the student to become acquainted with the phraseology of current literature; lastly, they are highly instructive, and introduce to us various episodes of history to which in our insular isolation we are apt to be strangers. We may particularly note Father Spillmann's keen love of nature, which constantly displays itself in vivid and striking descriptions of various types of scenery, all his word-pictures being evidently drawn from personal observation.

Two of the eight stories presented to us have a special interest for English readers, as dealing with our own island. In *Lady Nithsdale* is told the well-known story of the rescue of that lady's husband from the Tower, where he lay under sentence of death, after the disastrous rising of "the '15," by the courage and devotion of his wife. The history of the period, as well as that of the noble family concerned, has been carefully studied by the writer, who gives a charming sketch of Terregles, the family seat, and evinces an intimate acquaintance with the topography of the Tower of London. We must, however, remark that in representing the Chevalier St. George, in 1715, as styling himself Prince of Wales, the author is apparently confounding him with his son, Charles Edward, in the later Jacobite rising of 1745.

In the other tale of English interest, *Grossvater und Enkel*, we are introduced to Lancashire in the penal days of Queen Elizabeth, the hardships endured by Catholics being illustrated from the history of the Worthingtons of Blainsco. Here the mysteries of English nomenclature are, not unnaturally, too

¹ *Wolken und Sonnenschein: Novellen und Erzählungen.* Von Joseph Spillmann, S.J. Two vols. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1894.

deep to be thoroughly fathomed by a foreigner, who falls into a few errors of the kind to which we are well used in similar cases. Thus, although the wife of Sir Richard Worthington (supposing a member of the family to have borne such a title) might rightly be addressed by the servants as "My Lady," it is not safe to assume that he was "My Lord." Neither could his youthful grandson be entitled to be called "Sir John." These, however, are minor blemishes, and in spite of them Englishmen will find much of genuine historical interest here set down, which they may study with much profit to themselves, and whence they will gain solid information that will probably be new to them.

The other stories deal with the Continent, and therefore with subjects which are likely to be still more novel. We remark in the first of them, *Aus sturmbelegten Tagen*, a point which may appear rather dreadful to those novices in German who have read and sympathized with Mark Twain's description of that "awful" language. Amongst its elements of trouble that lively writer gives a prominent place to the inordinate importance assigned to the two words, "Schlag" and "Zug," which, he declares, fulfil so many and such diverse functions as to render unnecessary the services of any other nouns. In the story referred to, this idea seems to receive a practical confirmation, for the town which is the principal scene of the story is Zug.

*Note on "Old Catholic London and its
Ecclesiastical Establishments."*

IN the article which appeared under the above title in our last issue, the titles affixed to two of the plates were unfortunately misplaced in the press. That described as *Interior of the Nave, Old St. Paul's* (p. 513), should have been *The "New Work," Old St. Paul's*, while the plate on p. 515 should have borne the former title.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL has published a charming work on one of the family houses of the Walpoles, with photographic illustrations and excellent letter-press.¹ The house is made to tell its story, and the paintings and works of art and antiquity are admirably described. There are two most characteristic letters of her father.

The French Republic is on the point of restoring the ruined Church of St. Jeremias at Abou-Gosch, one of the places which claim to be the Emmaus of the New Testament.² A discussion between the Greeks and the Latins as to the proprietorship of the beautiful Christian remains at Lydda resulted in these being handed over to the Easterns. The French claimed, however, and obtained as a consolation the interesting ruins at Abou-Gosch. The church appears to have been built in the centre of a massive *castellum*. The masons' marks on this, as on the Church of Lydda, prove its Western origin. A plentiful spring floods the crypt. The church professes to contain the tomb of Jeremias. The work written on this interesting ruin is chiefly occupied with a dissertation on the value of the *stadium* of St. Luke (xxiv. 13), so important in deciding the site of Emmaus.

The first part of a work on book-plates,³ by the great authority on the subject in England, is sure to be of great value to those devoted to the subject.

A local antiquarian gives an interesting and well-illustrated work on the book-marks and the binders' stamps contained in the precious public library of Rheims.⁴ Among these figure

¹ *Mannington and the Walpoles*. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. London, 1894.

² *L'Eglise de Saint-Jérémie à Abou-Gosch (Emmaüs de Saint Luc)*. Par C. Mauss, Architecte du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. Paris, 1892.

³ *Dated Book-Plates (Ex Libris), with a Treatise on their Origin and Development*. By Walter Hamilton. Part I. London, 1894.

⁴ *Les Bibliophiles Rémois*. Par Henri Jadart. Reims, 1894.

the arms of William Gifford, the great and good Archbishop of that city.

A work on the book-plates¹ of Neufchatel has also its value, as helping to fill in the wide field which the newly-born interest in the subject has created.

A collection of reprints from the *Gentleman's Magazine*² is worthy of attention, though ecclesiology, the feature treated in the new volume, has made great advances since many of the papers were written. Among these might be marked out for reading Mr. Buckler's essay on "Dominican Churches," Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's "List of Chantries" in *English Cathedrals*, p. 99—Oxford folk will be proud to find St. Fryswyth had a chantry in York, "Cathedrals prior to the Civil Wars," p. 201, showing Laud's influence on ecclesiastical fineries, and perhaps, most of all, "Documentary History of English Cathedrals," p. 209.

A careful description of one of the few green spots still surviving near Liverpool, the Church and Hall of Bidstone,³ is a welcome gift to the dwellers in that vast port. But like almost every such chronicle, when worked out, it has a wider interest. The sorrows and struggles of the unfortunate Countess of Derby, the curious light thrown on the reformed curate of 1581, (p. 27), and of a later Protestant incumbent of 1634 (*ibid.*), the fact that the builders of Bidstone Hall were the workmen who had been engaged on Stonyhurst (p. 35), are some among many points worth notice.

The Director of the French Oriental Institute of Cairo has undertaken, at the expense of the Egyptian Government, an exact catalogue of the extant antique inscriptions in Egypt.⁴ The first number of this work has just appeared. It is to contain no translation of the hieroglyphics, but an exact reproduction of them *in extenso*. In the portion published are given those which are contained in the region between the southern frontier of the Khedive's present dominions, and as far down the Nile as Kom Ombos. The value of such a work for

¹ *Les Ex-libris Neuchatelois*. Par Jean Grellet et Maurice Tripet. 1894.

² *Gentleman's Magazine Library*. A Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731—1868. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. *Ecclesiology*, edited by F. A. Milne, M.A. London, 1894.

³ *Notes on the Ancient Parish of Bidstone*. By William Fergusson Irvine. Liverpool, 1894.

⁴ *Catalogue des Monuments et Inscriptions de l'Égypte Antique*, publié sous les auspices de S. A. Abbas II. Helmi. Par le Direction Générale du service de antiquités. Première série, Haute Égypte. Tome premier, De la frontière de Nubie à Kom Ombos. Vienna, 1894.

Egyptologists needs no insistence. Beyond the pages of inscriptions, the letter-press teems with illustrations, plans, sections of monuments, and subjects of peculiar interest, added to which are photographic views of the most important sites and objects. In this number is a most valuable description of the immense and ruined Monastery of St. Simon, on the island of Elephantina.

A MS., formerly belonging to Chartres,¹ now in the Municipal Library of Saint-Etienne, is the subject of a learned treatise by two archæologists of the former place. It is of the eleventh century, and consists of a *Computus*, or method of calculating the ecclesiastical calendar, a *Necrologium*, a *Martyrologium*, and some other liturgical documents of great interest. It contains *inter alia* a *tumulus*, or illuminated eulogy of Bishop Fulbert of Chartres, who is represented as preaching to the people in the Cathedral which he had rebuilt after its destruction by flames. The name of the artist is given, and the drawing of the building enables the authors of the work to construct upon the lines of the existing crypt a restoration of the eleventh century basilica. The necrology is notably full of interest to local antiquarians. Among the liturgical pieces is the rite of the *anathema* and *clamor*, a solemn protest before God against powerful wrong-doers and invaders of ecclesiastical property.

Any who have had the good fortune to visit the admirable exhibits of the Burlington Fine Arts Club,² know how much additional profit and pleasure they derive from the admirable catalogues which describe their treasures. The school which produced a Francia and Correggio cannot fail to be of deep interest to the art student. Nor can we forget the brilliant Court of Ferrara, which so largely contributed to foster the genius of its people.

An elaborate work on painting on various fabrics from the days of the later Empire to our own is exceedingly valuable for artist, archæologist, and manufacturer.³ The book before us is one of great research and exquisitely illustrated. It throws much light on the dress materials of the middle ages.

¹ *Un Manuscrit Chartrain de XI. siècle.* Par M. René Merlet et M. l'Abbé Clerval. Chartres, 1893.

² *Burlington Fine Arts Club: Exhibition of Pictures, &c. of the School of Ferrara-Bologna, 1440-1540.* London, 1894.

³ *Die Zeugdrücke der Byzantinischen, Romanischen, Gothischen und Spättern Kunstepochen.* Von R. Forrer. Strasburg, 1894.

M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, an old student of the admirable *Ecole des Chartes*, has enlarged a thesis which he wrote when a student.¹ He professes to prove that pointed architecture had its origin in France, and that its birthplace was the Ile-de-France. He lays down that it is in the village churches that we are to study the origin and growth of architectural styles, rather than in the cathedrals, whose size and importance invited heterogeneous elements. The return of peace, the restitution of church property by the *seigneurs*, favoured in the eleventh century a great church-building movement. The author wisely protests against the idea that Gothic, as opposed to Romanesque, or, as we call it, Norman, appeared simultaneously and instantaneously. The pointed arch was employed tentatively in smaller buildings before architects dared to employ it in cathedrals. In the beautiful illustrations, it is in the Church of Morienvall that we see the vaulted roof, while the windows and doors are still of circular form.

¹ *L'Architecture religieuse dans l'ancien diocèse de Soissons du XI. et au XII. siècle.* Par Eugène Lefèvre-Pontalis. Iere. Partie. Eglises du XI. siècle. Paris, 1894.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Études*, for August, has an interesting examination of the claim, practically put forth by French Ministers *des cultes*, to sequester at their own free-will, without discussion or official inquiry, the stipends of the Catholic clergy, on the strength of alleged misconduct towards the Government—no opportunity being given to test the value of such allegations. As Father Prélot says, the mere description of such a process should suffice to discredit its legality, and he proceeds to argue at length, and from a full examination of the leading authorities, that such confiscations are acts of tyranny pure and simple. An interesting account of the Catalan priest and poet, Verdaguer, introduces to us, in our own days, one of those remarkable figures, so frequent in the history of letters—whose inborn thirst for learning contrived to surmount seemingly hopeless obstacles in the way of its gratification. The son of a small agriculturist and stone-cutter, the boy (born in 1845) gave a proof of his quality when he nerved himself to win a race barefoot across a stubble field, in order to be able with the money offered as a prize to buy a copy of the *Odyssey*. His great work is the *Atlantide*, founded on the ancient legend of the separation of the isle of Atlantis from the Old World. In *Le retour aux Champs*, Father Burnichon continues his plea for agriculture as a profitable industry, and in particular urges upon landowners the duty of residence on their properties and personal interest in their management. The whole article is sound and sensible, and worthy of attention in other countries than France. Father Brucker likewise continues his paper on Biblical criticism, in accordance with the recommendations of the Holy Father in his recent Encyclical—giving excellent hints as to the treatment of those points which are fraught with the greatest difficulty, and examining the limits within which interpreters are free to indulge their speculations. An able examination by Father Fristot, of the co-operative principle, as a panacea for economic troubles, must also be mentioned. The writer warns us not to expect that the Gordian knot will be too easily cut by the application of a magic system: "We are too happy," he says, "to solve a difficulty by a word, and to escape a catastrophe by a formula."

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, for August, opens with a long article by Father Schmid, entitled, *Principes Musicæ*, devoted to the honour of Palestrina and di Lasso. In *The history of the unfortunate son of a Prince*, Father Pfülf gives us the first part of the melancholy story of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. Father Baumgartner discourses learnedly of ancient Arabic poets. Father Hagen furnishes a second instalment of his careful examination of the system of the heavens as originally formulated by Copernicus; while Father Kreiten concludes his sketch of Annette von Droste-Hülshoffs' correspondence with Levin Schücking. Father Wernz's review of Heiner's *Catholic Canon Law* is, it is needless to say, a valuable contribution to the subject treated of in the book under review.

The *Civiltà Catholica*, for the same month, enforces the lesson recently urged upon princes and nations by the Sovereign Pontiff, of the obligation to diminish what Mr. Disraeli once described as their "bloated armaments" at a period when they had reached no such development as we now behold. A survey of the burdens crushing nations beneath their weight, even in time of peace, and of the awful nature of war under the new conditions, is, says the writer, the most eloquent of pleas on behalf of that course which the Father of Christendom has endeavoured to impress on those whose duty it is to be his children. The learned treatise on the migration of the Hittites is continued; as also the examination of the phenomena of instinct.

L'Université Catholique concludes its interesting collection of old French proverbs which bear on justice and law. Many of these are the exact counterpart of maxims current in our own language, but there are several for which we have no exact parallel, and which convey shrewd counsels in a piquant and delicate manner which bespeaks their origin. Thus, for example, as to the protection afforded by a good reputation, even when not wholly deserved:

A beau se lever tard qui a bruit de se lever matin.

Of one who audaciously defends a bad cause,

Martyr plutôt que confesseur;

and of one who does not know how to defend a good one,

Qui se fait mouton, le loup le mange.

The following require no comment :

Juifs en Pâques,
Mores en nocés,
Chrétiens en plaidoyers,
Despendent leurs deniers.

L'abattu veut toujours lutter.

Un mauvais accommodement vaut mieux qu'un bon proces.

Voix d'un, voix de nun.

The *Françiscan Annals*, for July and August, under the title "Only a Child," treats the subject of education, in a bright and taking manner, from a Catholic standpoint. The writer, Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., bases his remarks on the reply of St. Anselm to an Abbot of his acquaintance, who explained that the boys in his school remained irresponsible to his efforts on their behalf, though he whipped them daily and nightly. The holy Archbishop, though no enemy to the rod in due season, took this account of the method of education employed by his friend as a text whereon to preach a useful homily—the sum and substance whereof was this: "Those boys of yours are men as we are; have the same human nature as you and I. The boy is a soul, to be shaped into comeliness and conscience." Here is the true principle, which, though not in the same fashion as that of the stern old Abbot, is too often forgotten in the nineteenth century, as well as in the twelfth.

The July number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*¹ gives as its opening chapter a first article by Yriarte on the magnificent frescoes of Mantegna in the Castello Vecchio of Mantua. One of these is well known to the readers of Father Schröder's edition of Cepari's *Life of St. Aloysius*. Yriarte identifies with the greatest care the various figures in the group, and explodes the popular story that the scene represents the reconciliation of Lewis II. of Mantua with his son.

¹ *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Juillet. Paris, 1894.

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1

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

EDITED BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

1. **The Spanish Inquisition.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
2. **The False Decretals.** By the Rev. RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. 1d.
3. **Cranmer and Anne Boleyn.** By the Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J. 2d.
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